The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* December *will be noticed in the* January *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th January, *in the* February *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We regret to say that an error crept into a paragraph in our last month's issue describing the manner in which Lord Tennyson made his first essay at poetry. The age at which he scribbled his first verses on his brother's slate was not sixteen—when most of us write poetry of a kind—but eight, the age at which John Stuart Mill began the second course of education with Thucydides, Virgil, and the higher mathematics. The subject on which Tennyson wrote was simply "Flowers," and he covered both sides of his brother's slate with very fair verse in the style of Thomson's 'Seasons.' The metre was unimpeachable. His brother had said to him, "See if you can write poetry," and when he read the verses on the slate he merely said, "You've done it." Young Alfred Tennyson can scarcely have felt the proper compunction at the convenient cold which had kept him from his place on that Sunday in 1817 in the little Somersby Church, and which enabled him to discover that he possessed the divine gift of song.

The fact that Lord Tennyson wrote a perfectly metrical poem at the age of eight is a curious comment on Coleridge's dictum that Tennyson began to write poetry before he had mastered metre. As a matter of fact, this infant echo of Thomson was not the only production of his early youth. He wrote an epic of between four and five thousand lines in Scott's octosyllabics, mingled with heroics, between the age of eleven and twelve. It would be very interesting to have a glimpse of this early fruit of Tennyson's muse, but we believe that it is no longer in existence. Coleridge ought to have been made to read the whole poem.

These were the only finished poems of Tennyson's boyhood, but when about fourteen or fifteen, he commenced a drama in iambic metre, which, we believe, still survives. Thus he practised himself in three different metres before he began seriously to write or publish. There is no man, however, who is so careful of his poetical reputation as Lord Tennyson, and it is not likely that he will permit this early drama ever to see the light of day. The number of his own poems which Tennyson has suppressed during his lifetime would fill a bulky volume.

It is curious how, in spite of all this, Coleridge's dictum is repeated by writer after writer; even so good a critic as Mr. Hutton repeats it in his 'Literary Essays.' Of course, there would seem to some literary critics to be considerable justification for Coleridge in a great many of Tennyson's early poems—where the reverence for metre is sometimes conspicuous by its absence. But this is much more probably due to the extravagance of youth than to any want of mastery of metre.

A large collection of letters by Charles Dickens, accumulated with patient industry through many years, will be published soon. The letters will probably appear in the first instance in a popular magazine. Many of them are of great interest.

A collection of the portraits of Charles Dickens will appear by-and-bye. It is believed to be as complete as it is possible to make it.

"John Oliver Hobbes," the author of 'Some Emotions and a Moral' in Mr. Fisher Unwin's 'Pseudonym Library,' is Mrs. Craigie, daughter of Mr. John M. Richards, a well-known City man.

'John Sherman and Dhoya,' which was noticed in The Bookman for December as "one of the best volumes of the 'Pseudonym Library' that has yet appeared," and which bears the signature of "Ganconagh," is the work of Mr. W. B. Yeats, a young Irishman, whose signature is familiar to readers of the *National Observer*.

Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to the Library of the British Museum on the morning of Monday, December 14th. There he met by appointment Dr. Ginsburg, the eminent Rabbinic scholar, whose aid he had been anxious to secure in collating with whatever the Library of the Museum might contain a copy of a little book he had discovered in his library at Hawarden, which he was disposed to think unique. This may best be described as an Anglican Breviary, dated 1613, containing only the daily services of the Church of England. It is, in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, a valuable testimony to the "Catholic" character of the

Anglican Church, as suggesting either that the clergy were to recite their office privately from this book, or else that the laity were to use it in their attendance at the daily services. At any rate, Mr. Gladstone had the satisfaction of learning that his copy is so far unique, for it is not even to be found in the Library of Lambeth Palace.

Mr. Gladstone has now gone through the whole of his speeches with the editors of the important collection, the first volume of which is to be published in the spring, pointing out those that he thinks most worthy of preservation, but leaving to Mr. Cohen and Mr. Hutton great freedom of selection. He has expressed a wish personally to revise the proofs of speeches made in Parliament on the occasion of the death of distinguished statesmen, and also speeches dealing with Royal personages. The collection will by no means be exclusively political. About half of the speeches contained in the eight volumes will be extra-Parliamentary; and a large number of these will be found to deal with subjects literary, artistic, historical, and so forth, with that wonderful fulness and accuracy of detail which makes each of Mr. Gladstone's hearers feel that he is listening to an expert in his own particular line.

The lamented death of Mr. Wolcot Balestier will not interfere with the continental library of English books, in which he was so deeply interested. The distributing has been done up till now by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, and it is expected this arrangement will be continued.

Mr. Balestier was a man of singularly high and attaching character, and was the friend of all who had business dealings with him. His literary talent was very marked, as will appear when the work he has left behind him is published. In addition to the story he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Kipling, and the complete novel to which we referred last month, 'Benefits Forgot,' Mr. Balestier had written three short stories for the *Century*.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, is to pay a visit to London in the spring. Paul Bourget is also expected.

Canon R. B. Girdlestone is writing for the *Record* a series of papers on the teaching of Christ, to be called 'Doctor Doctorum.'

Mr. William Sharp's long-promised memoirs of Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats, will be published in January by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co. under the title, 'The Life, Friendships, and Correspondence of Joseph Severn.' The book has, we understand, been entirely recast since its nominal completion in Rome a year ago. It was originally intended to publish the memoirs in two volumes, with a large number of illustrations, vol. i. to deal with 'Keats and his Circle,' and vol. ii. to be occupied with the many interesting incidents in the last fifty years of Severn's life, and particularly with his varied consular experiences during the shaping of New Italy. This intention, however, was abandoned in favour of a biography at once very much more succinct and more concerned with that part of Severn's life which has the wider and more permanent interest. Even now, however, the book is of good length, and will be illustrated with several interesting reproductions. The most important of these is, no doubt, the silhouette portrait of Keats, which is not only hitherto unpublished, but is unknown to all save a very few Keats specialists. It was made in London in 1819, and probably about the same time as the well-known silhouette portrait of Fanny Brawne. There will also be a vignette reproduction of a portrait of Keats, considered by Severn to be one of the best of the several likenesses he made of his friend; and, further, the familiar and pathetic drawing of Keats in his hour of mortal weakness. An engraving from a recent photograph will give those who have never visited Rome an idea of the spot where Keats and Severn lie side by side. Of Severn himself there will be an excellent autograph likeness; while the frontispiece is a finely reproduced drawing by that comparatively unknown, though very remarkable man, Seymour Kirkup. This portrait shows us Severn in the prime of his youthful beauty, which by all accounts was remarkable. It was made in Rome a few months after Keats' death. Several interesting reproductions of drawings and paintings by Severn are introduced, and among the fac-similes are a page from Severn's 'Journal on board the *Maria Crowther*' (the schooner on which he and Keats sailed from England for Naples); an unfinished letter with the news that Keats had just died; and a letter of singular interest from Leigh Hunt.

The only rival of Severn, in the minds of those who revere the genius of Keats, is Charles Armitage Brown. As many letters by Brown have been given in the 'Life' as was found practicable: and for the first time the Keats student will be able to gain an adequate knowledge of the life and personality of this loyal friend and able man. Charles Brown deserves remembrance on his own account, for his ingenious and entertaining work on Shakespeare's life and genius, and, in a secondary degree, for his share in the composition of 'Otho'—Keats' not very successful tragedy. His most permanent literary achievement, however, is that which lies embodied in Lord Houghton's memoir of Keats. He had, moreover—which we fancy is not generally known—a good deal to do with the final presentment of Edward Trelawny's 'Adventures of a Younger Son,' for which, also, he selected the chapter mottoes. An account of Charles Brown's last days in New Zealand (where he was intimate with the late Mr. Alfred Domett, Robert Browning's "Waring") will be found in Mr. Sharp's volume.

Of course, it is to the Keats period that most readers will first turn. Nothing is more remarkable in the letters of Keats' friends, addressed to this or that member of the circle, than the profound love inspired by the poet. Not only Brown, John Hamilton Reynolds, Bailey, among his intimate friends, but some of those whom he saw much less frequently, sometimes found themselves unable to express aright their anxious devotion. From a hitherto unpublished letter by William Haslam—the friend who first introduced Severn to Keats, and, later on, persuaded the painter to accompany the poet to Italy—we are able to excerpt the following passage. It is from an answer to a letter written by Severn on board the *Maria Crowther*, and posted soon after arrival in Naples: "Your letter gave me an extent

of anxiety such as my heart has not known since I parted with Keats at Gravesend. It hung about me intensely for days, and at nights I dreamt of you (both), but I did not, could not, show it to a soul. I could not bring myself to give occasion to that grief to any man that the perusal had forced on me." There is an amusing insight into Severn's nature afforded in the same letter, where Haslam, after begging his friend to keep a scrupulously exact journal, adds: "Do this, Severn, though at some sacrifice of your inherent dislike of order and obligation to do a thing—do it, if but because I ask it." Although Severn was so gratified by Shelley's splendid tribute in 'Adonais,' and ultimately came to love and admire that superb elegy, he was by no means over enthusiastic at first. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I have received a copy of the Monody on Keats. I find many beauties in it, but is it not a pity so much beauty should be scattered about, without the balancing of lights and shades, or the opposition of colours? In this poem there is such a want of repose: you are continually longing to know what he will beat. It gave me great pleasure as a tribute to poor Keats' memory."

Many readers will hear with pleasure that Professor David Masson, of Edinburgh, is preparing for publication his 'Recollections of Three Cities.' These articles were among the most attractive of the early contributions to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and are as vivid and vigorous as anything Dr. Masson has ever written. They include sketches of, among others, Dr. Melvin and Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen; Chalmers, De Quincey, and Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, besides many of the author's associates in London. The volume will contain much additional matter. Professor Masson has also in view the collection and republication in a revised form of many other essays.

Little has been said in the memoirs of the late Lord Lytton about the charges of plagiarism brought against him. The greater part of 'Lucile' was described as nothing more nor less than a marvellously exact translation from George Sand's 'Lavinia.' Here are two parallel passages:—

'Lavinia,' page 278.

"Des rideaux de basin bien blanc recevaient l'ombre mouvante des sapins qui secouaient leurs chevelures noires au vent de la nuit, sous l'humide regard de la lune. De petits seaux de bois d'olivier verni etaient remplis des plus belles fleurs de la montagne. Lavinia avait cueilli elle-même, dans les plus désertes vallées, et sur les plus hautes cimes, ces bella-dones au sein vermeil, ces aconits au cimier d'azur, au calice vénéneux; ces silènes blancs et roses, dont les pétales sont si délicatement découpés; ces pales saponaires; ces clochettes si transparentes et plissées comme de la mousseline; ces valérianes de pourpre; toutes ces sauvages filles de la solitude, si embaumées et si fraîches, que le chamois craint de les flétrir en les effleurant en sa course, et que l'eau des sources inconnue au chasseur les couche à peine sous son flux nonchalant et silencieux."

'Lucile,' page 70.

"In the white curtains waver'd the delicate shade
Of the heaving acacias in which the breeze played.
O'er the smooth wooden floor, polish'd dark as a glass,
Fragrant white Indian matting allow'd you to pass.
In light olive baskets, by window and door,
Some hung from the ceiling, some crowding the floor,
Rich wild flowers, plucked by Lucile from the hill,
Seem'd the room with their passionate presence to fill:
Blue aconite, hid in white roses, reposed;
The deep bella-donna its vermeil disclosed;
And the frail saponaire, and the tender blue-bell,
And the purple valerian—each child of the fell
And the solitude flourish'd, fed fair from the source
Of waters the huntsman scarce heeds in his course,
Where the chamois and izard, with delicate hoof,
Pause or flit through the pinnacled silence aloof."

It will be admitted that these lines show the ability of a consummate translator.

Another accusation, not disproved so far as we know, concerned his 'National Songs of Servia.' "Whether they be weeds or wild flowers," said Owen Meredith, "I have at least gathered them in their native soil amidst the solitude of the Carpathians, and along the shores of the Danube." It was shown, however, that they were translated from a French translation of selections from the Servian songs collected by Stephanowitsch in 1824, these selections, however, being translated avowedly not from the Servian originals, but from the German translations of the Fraulein Jacob. It was also shown that "Owen Meredith" was so ignorant of Servian that he scarcely ever wrote a Servian word without mis-spelling it to an extent not possible to any one acquainted with the merest elements of the grammar of the Servian tongue. These exposures had a very damaging effect on the poet's reputation, then growing rapidly, as may be observed from the complete change of tone on the part of critics generally, and the comparatively limited sale of his books.

Sydney Dobell's criticisms on the strenuous attempts made by the first Lord Lytton to write poetry are worth recalling. They are quoted from a letter of Dobell's in Gilfillan's 'Third Gallery of Literary Portraits' (p. 390). "The author is an orator, and has tried to be a poet. Dickens's John the Carrier was perpetually on the verge of a joke, but never made one; Bulwer's relation to poetry is of the same provoking kind. The lips twitch, the face glows, the eyes light; but the joke is not there. An exquisite *savoir faire* has led him within sight of the intuitions of poetic instinct. Laborious calculation has almost stood for sight but his maps and charts are not the earth and the heavens. His vision is not a dream, but a nightmare; you have Parnassus before you; but the light that never was on sea or shore is wanting. The whole reminds you of a lunar landscape, rocks and caves and to spare, but no atmosphere. It is fairy land travelled by dark."

"Owen Meredith's" life of his friend Julian Fane has considerable interest. It presents Sir William Harcourt, Fane's most intimate friend, in a very amiable light, coming daily during the last terrible illness, "hoping against hope to that sad house for news of the sick man who had not the courage to receive him." In a paper of reminiscences, Sir William says: "No human being that I ever knew combined in an equal degree the qualities which attract in a man, and the charms that fascinate in a woman. It would require the touch of the author of 'In Memoriam' to trace the delicate features of such a character, and to do justice to the depths of love which he inspired."

Julian Fane's last work was the article on 'The Ring and the Book,' which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. It was "much altered by the Editor."

Mrs. Mona Caird, who has for the last few months been resident in Paris, is engaged upon a new novel which has a strong socialistic motive. Mrs. Caird has also collected, and is re-editing her several essays dealing directly and indirectly with the marriage question, and early in 1892 will issue them in volume form, with some new matter, and a *resumé* of the whole drift of critical and general opinion on the subject.

Notwithstanding a recent announcement, it is not Mr. Oscar Wilde who is writing the essay on Maurice Maeterlinck, introductory to the translation of *La Princesse Maleine* and *L'Intruse*, which Mr. Heinemann is shortly to publish. This introductory paper has been undertaken by Mr. Hall Caine, who thinks better of the shorter, rather than of the more ambitious dramatic study of the Belgian dramatist. Mr. Caine is at present in London, but is not, as stated, *en route* for Russia. In a few days he is to return to his home in the Lake Country, and certainly will not start for Russia for some weeks, at earliest.

Miss Mathilde Blind, the first edition of whose recent volume of verse, 'Dramas in Miniature,' has been sold out, has just left London for Egypt, where, by medical advice, she will spend the first three months of the year. Miss Blind has been indisposed for some time past, and a dry and sunny atmosphere is considered essential for her well-being. She hopes to finish there a novel of contemporary life upon which she has been long engaged.

Mr. William Sharp, who is to leave for New York on the *Teutonic* on the 6th of January, is not, we understand—despite one or two paragraphs to the contrary, which have appeared—going out, on this occasion, on a lecturing trip. He has made arrangements to do so the following winter season. At present he is simply going out for a few weeks to visit friends, and to attend in person to some dramatic and literary business of his own, best seen to on the spot.

Messrs. Methuen and Co. are embarking on an enterprise that will delight the hearts of the growing company of eighteenth century enthusiasts. This is a series of reprints of the masterpieces of the last century in the department of *belles-lettres*. Much, of course, has already been done in this field; but the publishers are of opinion that there is room for an edition in small quarto, well printed on hand-made paper, the form and general appearance of which should savour somewhat of the original date of publication. Swift's *Journal to Stella* is likely to form one of the first volumes of the series, followed by Gibbon's *Autobiography*, which it is hoped Dr. Birkbeck Hill will edit.

Arthur Young's 'Tour in Ireland,' edited with introduction and notes by Mr. Arthur W. Hutton, Gladstone Librarian at the National Liberal Club, will shortly be published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, forming two volumes in Bohn's "Standard Library." Nothing will be omitted from this edition, but the agricultural statistics will be printed in rather smaller type, for the convenience of those who would wish to pass them over in reading, without losing the narrative portion or any of Young's admirable, if somewhat dogmatic, reflections. A full bibliography of Arthur Young, specially prepared by Mr. J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum, will add to the value of this edition. Singularly enough, apart from a reprint in Pinkerton's collection (1808), this most interesting and important book, unsurpassed in the fulness and vividness of its description of the state of Ireland in 1776, has never again been issued to the public (sundry extracts being excepted) since it first appeared in 1780; when two editions were published, one in London, in one large quarto volume, and the other in Dublin, in two volumes, octavo.

Mr. Anderson has also been preparing for Mr. Hutton, bibliographies of Cardinal Manning and of Cardinal Newman, to appear in memoirs of those two eminent ecclesiastics, which will be published in due course.

Philip Marston's volume of posthumous poems, 'A Last Harvest,' which was reviewed in the December number of THE BOOKMAN, is attracting so much attention in America that a large portion of the edition has been shipped direct to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, by Mr. Elkin Mathews, the publisher.

The signed article on Marston which Mr. Coulson Kernahan contributes to the January number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is to appear simultaneously in the New York *Independent*.

Mr. Walter Crane has recently completed a set of illustrations for Mr. William Morris's 'Story of the Glittering Plain,' with which Mr. Morris professes himself delighted. The edition of the 'Story of the Glittering Plain' which is to contain these illustrations will be published shortly.

As a result of the bookbinders' strike, very many of the wholesale bookbinders have advised the publishing houses with which they deal that in consequence of the Eight Hours movement coming into operation on January 1st, 1892, as notified in a recent circular issued by the London Chamber of Commerce to the publishing and bookbinding trade, they will be compelled to advance their prices 7½ per cent. on and after that date.

A volume entitled 'Philip Henson, M.D.,' which has made a great sensation in America, where it has had as large a sale as Mr. Jerome's 'Three Men and a Boat' has achieved in this country, will appear in England almost immediately, Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. having made arrangements for its publication here. The name of the author is George Hastings, who has written two other books, 'A Modern Don Juan' and 'His Royal Highness.'

Mr. Ashby Sterry has another volume of poems almost ready for publication.

The 'History of Guy's Hospital,' which the late Mr. G. T. Bettany, late lecturer at Guy's, was writing in collaboration with his friend Dr. Samuel Wilks, F.R.S., was rapidly approaching completion at the time Mr. Bettany died. As the number of subscribers to the volume is very large, it is probable that Dr. Wilks will carry on the work with the assistance of a medico-literary friend, hereafter to be

Presented with THE BOOKMAN, January 1892.

Engraved by J. C. Armytage

Yours very truly,
Robert Browning.

selected. Some of the information which Mr. Bettany has collected about Thomas Guy, the founder of the hospital, appeared a year or so ago in the shape of a series of articles contributed by Mr. Bettany to the *Athenæum*. The volume, when published, will consist of a full biography of Guy, with a complete history of the hospital and biographical accounts of the notable men who have been members of the staff—the names of living notabilities being, for obvious reasons, excluded. It will make a book of some four or five hundred pages, and is to be issued to subscribers at 10s. 6d., the price being raised after publication. The Treasurer of Guy's placed the Records of the hospital at the disposal of the collaborating authors, and Dr. Steele, Dr. Rendle, and others rendered very great assistance. Mr. Bettany was also writing 'A History of Christianity' for Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden at the time he died.

Bret Harte will contribute to the first number of the *Idler* the first part of a short story to be called 'The Conspiracy of Mrs. Bunker.' Andrew Lang will write for the same number an article on 'Enchanted Cigarettes.' The contributors to the "Idlers' Club" in the first number will be Jerome K. Jerome, Luke Sharp, Barry Pain, I. Zangwill.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly bring out a volume of short stories by Luke Sharp (Robert Barr).

Mr. Egerton Castle, F.S.A., the author of 'Consequences,' a novel which has run through many editions in England (Bentley's), on the Continent (Tauchnitz), and in America (Appleton and Co.), will bring out in January, under the title of 'La Bella, and Others,' a volume of stories, selected from his contributions to *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and other periodicals, together with two not hitherto published. Messrs. Cassell are the publishers.

Early next year Messrs. George Bell and Sons will issue a cheaper reprint (in Bohn's Artistic Library) of 'Schools and Masters of Fence, from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century,' with all the illustrations, slightly reduced.

There are in the Keble College Library, about five small manuscript notebooks containing the poems of John Keble which go to make up the 'Christian Year.' His handwriting is small and clear, very regular, and somewhat feminine. There are very few alterations or corrections, and the poems were obviously transcribed in their present form from some rough copies. There is some difficulty in fixing the dates of certain of these poems, even with the manuscripts before one. The majority of the poems are dated, some with the day of the month as well as the year, a good many with the month and the year only. There are, however, a minority which have no date subjoined, and approximate guesses only can be made as to the time of their composition by comparing the dates before and after. The chief thing noticeable about these little books is their neatness. They are about five inches long and about three wide; the pages are numbered, and usually written upon one side only, though sometimes when the poet is pressed for space this rule is neglected.

Apropos of Mr. Charles Booth's excellent paper on pensions for the aged, read before the Statistical Society, Mr. Alfred Spender, the late editor of the *Eastern Morning News*, is writing a book on this subject for the Social Science Series. The book is expected in January.

Scottish. Arrangements are being made for the issue of a sumptuous volume, dealing with Abbotsford, and portraying the chief antiquarian and artistic treasures of this home of the Scottish prince of story-tellers. Such a volume cannot fail of interest either in North or South; and we fancy the book will form part of the baggage of many an American on the return journey of his next year's European tour. The letterpress is to be from the pen of Sir Walter's descendant and representative, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott; and Mr. Gibb, of Edinburgh, so favourably known by his transcripts of exquisite 'Musical Instruments'—his work on 'Indian Instruments' has just been published—is at work at Abbotsford upon the numerous coloured illustrations of the freshly projected book.

The sale of the books, pictures, and art objects of the late Sir W. Fettes Douglas occupied a week at Dowell's, Edinburgh, last month. The books were curious and interesting, rather than monetarily valuable; many scarce works were included, but these were frequently defective or in poor state. Some of the finest old heraldic book-bindings—among the rest a copy of Bishop Lesley's 'De Moribus,' stamped with the arms of Pope Gregory XIII. (£6 10s.)—were acquired by the Museum of Science and Art. The 'Bassandyne Testament' of 1576 (slightly defective in one page), the earliest-printed part of the first book printed in Scotland, fetched £7; a fair copy of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns (1787), with the Beugo portrait, commanded £5 5s.; and the Jacobite and Commonwealth pamphlets—so greatly "the mode" at the moment among collectors—fell, at famine prices, to the bids, as is understood, of an Edinburgh citizen not less distinguished for wealth than for public-spirited liberality.

When in our November issue we noted the lack of a work on old clan-tartans, we were not aware that such a volume has been in preparation for several years, and will shortly be published by Mr. George P. Johnston, Edinburgh. The author, Mr. W. D. Stewart, of that city, who is thoroughly conversant with his subject, will supply a record of authentic specimens of ancient tartans, with all the facts available concerning their adoption and use by the respective clans. Facsimiles will be provided from antique pieces in his possession, some of which have been but recently discovered in family collections. The issue will be limited to 250 small and 50 large paper copies.

The centenary of Stirling's Library at Glasgow, the oldest free institution of the kind in Scotland, was celebrated on December 14th. A meeting of citizens, presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, was held in the Municipal Buildings, among those present being Mr. Thomas Mason, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Free Library, London, who briefly

addressed the meeting. Lord Balfour delivered an address touching on many interesting points in connection with the history of the library. The institution, which is named after its generous founder, has proved of great value to the poorer citizens, and last year the number of books issued reached a total of 224,000 volumes.

Irish. The Royal Irish Academy opened its winter session on Monday, November 30th, when the Bishop of Down (Dr. Reeves) delivered an interesting address, telling the story of the Academy's existence and the tale of its labours during the whole period of its existence, extending now to more than 100 years. He gave a critical resumé of the work done during the last fifty or sixty years, during which the critical school of Irish historians and archæologists, including men like Petrie, Todd, and O'Donovan, has flourished, and then contrasted with this, the ideas and methods which flourished in the days of General Vallancey and his friends towards the end of the last century. The meeting was largely attended, and a vote of thanks to the Right Reverend President was proposed by the Lord-Lieutenant, and seconded in graceful terms by the Bishop of Canea (Dr. Donnelly), assistant or coadjutor-bishop to Archbishop Walsh of Dublin.

Dr. Reeves is now working at the Book of Armagh, with a view to the production of it in print. Though now in his seventy-eighth year, yet his marvellous power of work offers an example which many a young man in the thirties might well envy. He specially delights to dwell upon the office of a Scribe as one held in the highest honour in the ancient Celtic schools, as, indeed, is evident from the wondrous beauty of the writing in ancient Celtic manuscripts. Dr. Reeves is himself a proof that the same power has not yet died out among Irish scholars, as he delights in copying manuscripts, which he does in a hand of striking beauty and clearness. He has copied with his own hand many of the most important Irish manuscripts, including Alen's 'Liber Niger' and the extremely ancient archiepiscopal registers preserved at Armagh, going back to the fourteenth century.

There is a vast field in Dublin for workers like Dr. Reeves. Trinity College Manuscript Room is virgin soil for the historical student. Trinity College has spent a great deal of money in an issue of books called the Dublin University Series, which has fallen utterly dead upon the public, as far, at least, as the vast majority of the books therein contained. If Trinity College simply made a selection out of the Ussher and other collections of MSS. which it possesses, and published a volume of Analecta in commemoration of its Tercentenary, it would deserve well of the public. Some of its monastic documents of pre-Reformation times are of the greatest interest.

At the January meeting of the Royal Society of Irish Antiquaries Mr. H. Berry, M.A., of the Irish Record Office, will read a paper dealing with some documents preserved in Trinity College, belonging to the great Anglo-Norman Monastery of St. Thomas of Canterbury, formerly situated in Dublin. It will treat of certain monastic signs used in that celebrated foundation, and will give many details of social life in such societies in the fifteenth century.

The Rev. T. K. Abbott, Litt.D., the learned Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin, has just produced a volume of essays which deals with the following subjects: the Massoretic text of the Old Testament; the Hebrew text before the Massoretes; to what extent was Greek the language of Galilee in the time of Christ?; on Historical Evidence and the miracle of the Holy Thorn, together with three or four essays of a more technical character. They are learned and accurate, but are unfortunately almost all cast in a controversial form, so that if a reader is not familiar with the controversy and the antagonist with whom Dr. Abbott is dealing a great deal of the argument is thrown away upon him. The worst possible shape in which an argument or an essay can be thrown is when an antagonist's points are taken up one by one and disposed of. They may be utterly overthrown, but the ordinary reader does not see it. He misses and longs for the mighty, resistless sweep of one long-continued demonstration where all the argument is at once drawn out in battle array. Then he sees the defeat and the rout, and believes a battle is won.

The preparations for the celebration of the Tercentenary of Trinity College are now proceeding apace. Eight or ten sub-Committees are at work, including sections dealing with dinners, services in St. Patrick's, a theatrical performance, and a ball. Perhaps this had better be given in the library, which would accommodate thousands.

Colonel Vigors, of Bagnalstown, co. Carlow, one of the Council of the Society of Irish Antiquaries, publishes an independent Archæological Annual of his own, called the 'Memorials of the Dead.' The third annual volume has just appeared. In it are collected inscriptions on monuments, tombs, and Church plate from every county in Ireland, some of them going back to the sixth and seventh centuries. This work throws much light on the Elizabethan and Cromwellian settlements of Ireland, and will be found most useful by persons engaged in genealogical researches. The present volume has 140 pages filled with inscriptions, and its price is but five shillings.

The new National Library in Kildare-street has developed a great taste for reading among the Dublin public. The attendance has vastly increased, and the attentive officials are at times unable to respond to the calls upon them. Visitors to Dublin would do well to make a point of seeing this new library, where all the latest improvements in library organisation have been adopted. A good catalogue of its immense resources is now the only desideratum. But for this we must wait upon the goodwill and disposition of the Lords of the Treasury. It would be impossible for the present overworked staff to produce it.

Journalism. It may be useful to some of our readers to know the law applying to contributors, as expounded in that excellent work, 'The Law of the Press,' by J. R. Fisher and J. A. Strahan, just published by Messrs. Clowes and Sons.

Where a person not on the staff of a newspaper, say the writers, sends a manuscript to the editor without any invitation either to himself personally or to the public generally to do so, he sends it at his own risk, there is no obligation on the part of the newspaper proprietor or editor to preserve it, and if it be lost the sender cannot recover its value.

As to the rights of the editor of a newspaper to alter contributions, in the case of anonymous articles the said right is practically unlimited. When articles are signed the case is different. The editor is entitled to omit illegal matter, and has a pretty extensive right to delete matter not absolutely illegal, or which he may for various reasons regard as objectionable.

The earlier issues for 1892 of 'The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour' will include a new and original story, 'The Letter of the Law,' by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.; a novel of the high-comedy order, by Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.; a selection of journalistic reminiscences, 'Faces and Places,' by Mr. H. W. Lucy; a volume of 'Song, Drama, and Story,' by Mr. H. Savile Clarke, and one of literary essays and sketches by Mr. H. D. Traill. Engagements have also been made with Mr. Walter Herries Pollock and Mr. Joseph Hatton.

Now that the Edinburgh meeting of the Institute of Journalists is within sight, we may be permitted to express a hope that it will be worthy of the profession. No journalist could have been satisfied with the report of the proceedings at Dublin. They seem to have consisted mainly of elaborate compliments exchanged between persons who probably had never heard of one another till the meeting, and disputes about the etiquette of the profession. As to the latter subject it is one of great importance, but plainly the time of the annual meeting should not be given to its discussion. There ought to be a Board or Committee in connection with the Institute to consider all such matters, and its decision should be accepted as final by the members. And as to the compliments and expressions of gratitude, they should be kept within bounds. Journalists may not be lavishly remunerated, but many of them who are not newspaper proprietors are accustomed to dine comfortably at their own charges.

The whole profession is lowered when it appears that journalists assemble to squabble about lineage, and to give humble and hearty thanks to any one willing to entertain them. The level of the meetings must be raised, and the attention and respect of the general public claimed and won worthily. We hope that in Edinburgh men of real eminence will be chosen to read papers on subjects of real importance The great journalistic traditions of Edinburgh should be recalled—the memories of Hugh Miller, Alexander Russel, and others less known, but well deserving to be remembered. The recent changes in journalism, and the future of the press, should also be treated by competent hands.

Mr. Pitman's third edition of his 'History of Shorthand,' though professedly brought up to date, is, as regards the stenographic history of the past ten years, very unsatisfactory. Indeed, it is difficult to understand on what principle the book has been compiled. Much space is lavished on worthless systems of shorthand, while others, some of considerable merit, are dismissed in a few lines, or not mentioned at all. Mr. Pitman's phonography, the growth of nearly sixty years, is, all things considered, the best system of shorthand before the public, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that there are other systems doing excellent work to-day in Parliament, in the Law Courts, and at the reporters' table. The omission of all reference to Callendar's Cursive Shorthand—by far the best of the "one-slope" systems—is significant, when it is remembered that its author prefaces his handbook with one of the most severe criticisms of phonography that has yet appeared. No mention is made of Rational Shorthand or of National Stenography, two systems by Mr. G. Carl Mares, though that gentleman's criticisms of other systems are freely quoted. Neville's Shorthand, Rundell's Civil Service Shorthand, and recent editions of Taylor's system are ignored; Stolze's system, which holds a high place in Germany, is not mentioned, and no allusion is made to the English adaptation of that of Gabelsberger. Three other recent systems, Script Phonography, Light Line Phonography, and the Oxford Shorthand, are dismissed in a very inaccurate postscript of eighteen lines, although Mr. Pitman has issued, and still circulates, pamphlets extending to seventy pages in criticism of them. The description of Mr. Alfred Janes's 'Shorthand Without Complications,' an excellent system based on Taylor's, is full of errors.

The interesting fact that Pepys' Diary was written in Shelton's system (published in 1641) is not mentioned; and the system issued in 1654 by Jeremiah Rich, under the title of 'Semigraphy,' has been shown to be that of his uncle, Cartwright, who is not named in the 'History.' This system was written and taught by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.

We regret to be obliged thus to criticise a book, which might have been made a valuable and interesting one. The list of alphabets in use up to the year 1847, which might with advantage have been brought up to date, shows at a glance the gradual advance which has been made in the art of shorthand from its infancy. A notable feature of many of the early systems is that they seem to have been prepared with special reference to the reporting of sermons.

Continental. Hachette has published a study on Alfred de Vigny, by M. Paléologue, in the 'Grands Ecrivains français' series.

'L'aube russe' (Perrin) is the name of a new French translation of Pouchkine. Some of the poems in the volume are new to Western readers.

'Portraits de Femmes' is the name of a new French series. The first volume contains an account of the life and work of Julia Regina Tolberg, the founder of a large number of infant-schools in South Germany. 'Carmen Sylva' is the subject of the second.

In M. Adolphe Jullien's 'Musiciens d'aujourd'hui,' just published, there is an interesting collection of portraits and autographs.

In *Le Livre Moderne*, the farewell number, M. Frujon gives a second instalment of his pickings from the literary satires of Klotz. The recipe for the compilation of a "System of Philosophy" on short notice may be found useful still. Take the works of any philosopher, no matter whom, who has been dead for a considerable time, of course. Change the number and the order of the chapters, insert a few new leading terms, some different opinions pilfered from five or six other manuals, and you will turn out with the utmost ease a superb "System of Philosophy." Philosophy is out of fashion just now, but the recipe holds good for other matters.

But to write a book is not enough, as every one knows, and Klotz proceeds to explain the method of selling it. The compiler must write a pseudonymous attack on it, and reply under his own name to the imaginary strictures. And he must keep up this war till everybody is burning to know what the quarrel is all about, and is besieging the booksellers' doors for the work.

Is one of the 'Friends of Russia,' in or out of that country, preparing an answer to M. de Cyon's 'Russie Contemporaine'? It is a remarkable book, and carries weight. Its author, a resident of long standing in Russia, a man of science, learned, practical, outspoken, and combative, is the avowed friend of autocracy. But he is a candid friend, and perhaps his attack on the abuses of the present system will not be pleasant reading to those whose cause he so ably advocates. But, right or wrong, he writes with a pointed pen, and his picture of present-day Russia tells one side of the story at least with an admirable vigour.

The first part of a new story by M. Pierre Loti, 'Fantôme d'Orient,' appears in the new number of the *Nouvelle Revue*.

The first volume of the new 'Bibliothèque d'Histoire Illustrée,' edited by M. Zeller, is 'Les Deux Révolutions d'Angleterre et la Nation Anglaise au dix-septième siècle,' by M. Edouard Sayous. Research has already done its best with this epoch, but M. Sayous' work is not a mere *rechauffée* of other people's labours, and he has sketched the portraits of the principal statesmen with a clear, strong hand.

There is nothing narrow about Carmen Sylva's interests. Her hand appears in every department of literature. One of her latest tasks has been to write a preface to the Comtesse de Villermont's work on 'Histoire de la coiffure féminine.' Like most other frivolous subjects, this one is full of historical significance, and the book addresses itself rather to the historically curious than to modern professors of the art it chronicles.

M. Léon Say will contribute a study of Cobden to the 'Bibliothèque des Economistes Français et Etrangers.'

The *Nouvelle Revue* contains an appreciative notice of the late Lord Lytton from a literary point of view. The writer, M. Loliée, lays stress on the great influence that his occult studies had on the whole cast of his mind,

A new book by Madame James Darmesteter (better known as Miss Mary Robinson) has just been published. It is called 'Marguerites du temps passé' (Paris: Armand Collin). Under this somewhat sentimental title are collected a number of old-world stories, light and delicate in workmanship, but representing a large amount of historical research.

One of the prettiest of the French Christmas books is the Lemerre edition of Coppée's poems from 1864 to 1887, illustrated by Myrbach.

A recent German critic of Lowell thus sums up the qualities of his style:—"Lowell is always a gentleman: he is constantly holding himself in, and even when his heart is in the grip of a terrible agony he makes use only of the reserved language that pertains to dignified and stately intercourse."

Two books worthy the attention of the student of Socialism hail from the Continent. One of them, by Dr. Otto Hamman, 'Die Kommunistische Gesellschaft: Lehren und Ziele der Socialdemokratie,' is a thoughtful study of the possibilities of the movement. The other, M. de Uryzewa's 'Mouvement socialiste en Europe' (Perrin), treats the subject in a more popular fashion, and gives sketches of the leaders in different countries, clearly marking out the differences in their aims and methods.

M. Lambroso is in high spirits. His catalogue of neurotic geniuses, already large, is augmented by three modern women of genius. Marie Bastikirtseff is one, of course. The others are less known—Julie Hasdeù, who died three years ago at Bucharest, leaving behind her at nineteen six volumes of original writing, mostly in verse, and Mina Maylander, the sister of the celebrated philosopher. About the neurosis of the last-named there may be no doubt, but her genius may be questioned, her characteristics, as described by Signor Lambroso, showing only eccentricity. However, in the eyes of this somewhat fanatical savant, genius, always dangerous, and only another name for degeneration, becomes doubly so when it appears in women. Mary Wollstonecraft and George Eliot were, of course, on his list long ago.

American. Miss Mary E. Wilkins' first novel is entitled 'Jane Field,' and will be published in *Harper's Magazine*. She is also writing a play, 'Giles Corey, Yeoman,' for which illustrations are at present being prepared. It is stated that the novel possesses great dramatic strength.

Mr. John Foster Kirk has had his son, Mr. John Kirk, associated with him in the gigantic task of completing the supplement to 'Allibone'—a work which, notwithstanding many errors and omissions, has been performed with great ability. Occasional supplements will appear. We hope not at exorbitant intervals.

Miss Marion Lea, well known for her part in 'Hedda Gabler,' has recently become Mrs. Elwyn Mitchell. Her husband is a promising young American poet and dramatist, and is a son of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, who is not only well known in his profession as the originator of the famous "Weir Mitchell" system of forced feeding and massage, but has also a considerable reputation outside it as a writer of graceful verse and of some charming fairy tales.

Mr. W. D. Howells is engaged upon a number of novelettes containing from 20,000 to 40,000 words; some of these tales will appear first in serial form. The same writer is engaged upon a new farce; it is expected that it will appear simultaneously in a syndicate of American newspapers and a prominent English magazine next year.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose weekly two-column letters on Books and Authors have for some years been a prominent feature of the Boston (U.S.A.) *Herald*, and have been so widely quoted, will shortly discontinue her letters to the *Herald*. Mrs. Moulton intends to devote herself entirely to original work, and especially to poetry, as she contemplates publishing a third volume of poems next year.

We have been favoured with the following very interesting answer to a question put to the representative of a famous syndicate:—Speaking purely as a purveyor of fiction to American newspapers, I have placed on the first list twelve American authors, and in the second list twelve English authors, arranged in the order of what I should consider their selling value.

Mark Twain.	Rudyard Kipling.
Mrs. Burnett.	R. L. Stevenson.
F. R. Stockton.	H. R. Haggard.
W. D. Howells.	A. C. Doyle.
G. W. Cable.	"Q."
Margaret Deland.	W. Clark Russell.
E. S. Phelps.	Miss Braddon.
Bret Harte.	Ouida.
Marion Crawford.	William Black.
Julian Hawthorne.	Thomas Hardy.
Charles Egbert Craddock.	"Duchess."
Amelie Rives.	J. S. Winter.

I have not included Mary E. Wilkins and Richard Harding Davis in this American list, because neither of them has yet written long stories, and while their short stories are extremely popular, one can hardly test their value as compared with the authors of serials which contain from eight to fifteen weekly numbers. H. C. Bunner's short stories are also widely appreciated.

THE SINGLE WISH.

(*Hitherto unpublished.*)

One thing, O Lord, do I desire:
  Withhold not Thou the wish from me,
Which warms me like a secret fire,
  That I, Thy child, may dwell with Thee.

Dwell in Thy house for evermore,
  Thy wondrous beauty to behold,
And make inquiry as of yore,
  Till all Thy will to me is told.

In this pavilion have I hid
  These many years, when hurt by sin,
Or by my angry sorrows chid,
  Or deaf with life's unceasing din.

Blown hither by the blasts of fear,
  Or stooping with the weight of care,
My feet have hastened, year on year,
  With psalm of praise, or sigh of prayer.

Fear tells my heart that I may be
  Some day an alien from Thy door,
May cease Thy lovely face to see,
  And hear Thy whispers never more.

* * * *

Tell me that hour shall never come,
  Plant me so deep Thy courts among,
That I may have my final home
  And end, where I began my song.

April 29, 1869. JAMES SMETHAM.

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

O foolish fond the lovers—
  The lovers who believed
Soothed quarrels left the firmer
  The net Love round them weaved!

For if you tear the meshes,
  And knit them up anew,
Strength may to strength seem added—
  Is there more beauty too?

And if rude hands e'er try them,
  Say, can they bear the strain?
Too late then you discover
  Such knots all slip again.

W. D. H.

A BURNS DOCUMENT.

THE following document, coming from what was probably the darkest year in Burns's life, shows the poet in a more favourable light than he has generally been regarded, and deserves, therefore, to be better known. It is mentioned and its contents are thus described by the late Mr. W. S. Douglas in the introduction to the Kilmarnock edition of the poems (1871), p. xlviii.: "July 22.—Burns executes an assignation of his effects, the profits of his edition then in the press, and the copyright of his poems in favour of Gilbert Burns for behoof of his own illegitimate child, Elizabeth Burns—'wee image of my bonnie Betty,' born in November, 1784." But we do not know that it has previously been published in full, and biographers generally are unaware of its existence. The child is more than once referred to in the poems—in the 'Welcome to an Illegitimate Child'—

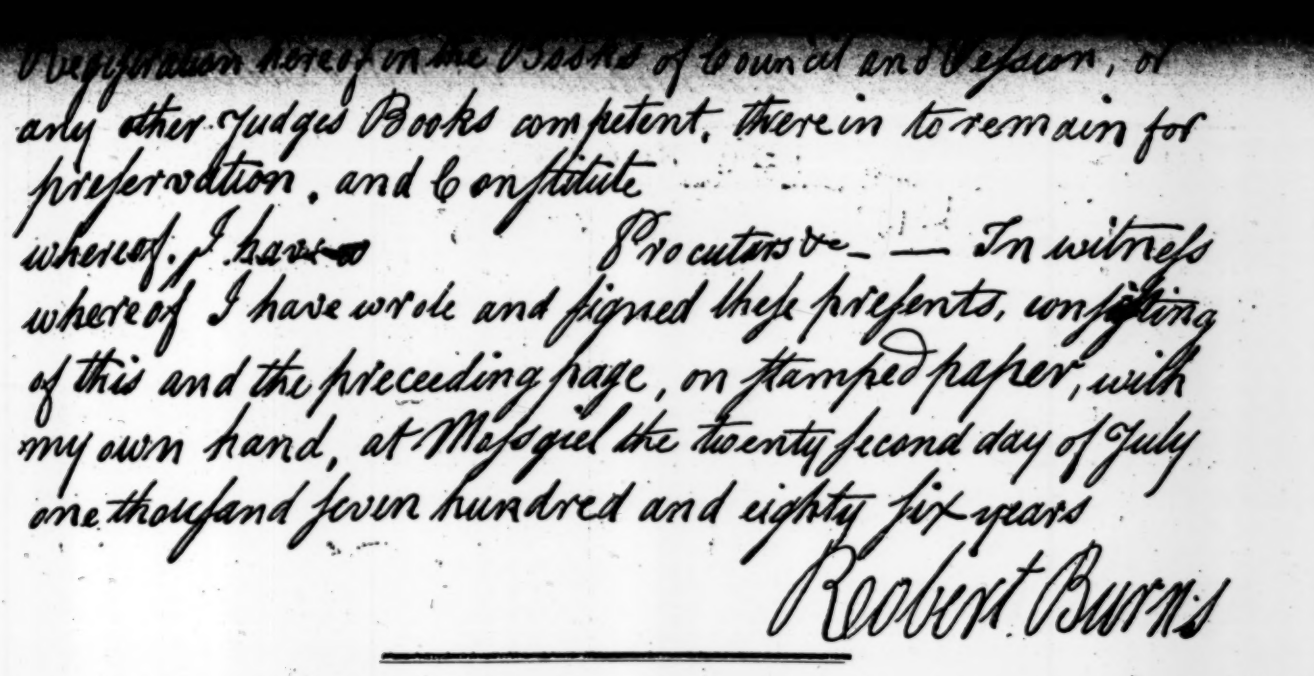
"And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
An' tak the counsel I sall gie thee,
A lovin' father I'll be to thee,
  If thou be spared:
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
  An' think 't weel wared";

in 'The Inventory'; and in 'The Farewell'—

"Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft
  Of my paternal care,
A faithful brother I have left,
  My part in him thou'lt share!"

Who Elizabeth Paton was is not quite clear, probably not the heroine of 'From thee, Eliza, I must go.' She may have been the "Bess" mentioned in the first edition of 'The Vision,' for whom his affection would seem to have been fleeting, since Jean Armour's name was substituted for hers in the Edinburgh edition.

Know all men by these presents that I Robert Burns in Mossgiel. Whereas I intend to leave Scotland and go abroad, and having acknowledged myself the father of a child named Elizabeth, begot upon Elizabeth Paton in Lochlie-side: And whereas Gilbert Burns in Mossgiel my brother, has become bound, and hereby binds and obliges himself to aliment clothe and educate my said natural child in a suitable manner as if she was his own, in case her Mother chuse to part with her, and that until she arrive the age of fifteen years. Therefore, and to enable the said Gilbt Burns to make good his said engagement, Wit ye me to have assigned, disponed, conveyed and made over to, and in favors of, the said Gilbert Burns his Heirs, Executors and Assignees who are always to be bound in like manner with himself, all and Sundry Goods, Gear, Corns, Cattle, Horses, Nolt, Sheep, Household furniture, and all other moveable effects of whatever kind that I shall leave behind me on my departure from the kingdom, after allowing for my part of the conjunct debts due by the said Gilbert Burns and me as joint Tacksmen of the farm of Mossgiel— And particularly, without prejudice of the foresaid generality, the profits that may arise from the publication of my Poems presently in the press — And also, I hereby dispone and convey to him in trust for behoof of my said natural daughter, the Copy right of said Poems in so far as I can dispose of the same by law, after she arrives at the above age of fifteen years complete— Surrogating and Substituting the said Gilbert Burns my brother and his — foresaids in my full right, title, room and place of the whole premises, with power to him to intromit with, and dispose upon the same at pleasure, and in general to do every other thing in the premises that I could have done myself — before granting hereof, but always with and under the conditions before expressed— and I oblidge myself to ~~warrand~~ warrand this disposition and assignation from my own proper fact and deed allenarly— Consenting to the


Registration hereof in the Books of Council and Session, or any other Judges Books competent, there in to remain for preservation, and Constitute Procurators &c. — In witness whereof I have wrote and signed these presents, consisting of this and the preceeding page, on stamped paper, with my own hand, at Mossgiel the twenty second day of July one thousand seven hundred and eighty six years

Robert Burns

THE CARLYLES AND A SEGMENT OF THEIR CIRCLE:

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

Carlyle and the Repeal of the Corn Laws—His later opinion of Sir Robert Peel—Gloomy Forecast of the Future—Carlyle and the Aristocracy—He longed to be a "doer"—The House of Baring—The Second Lord and Lady Ashburton and Carlyle's intimacy with them.

WHILE Carlyle was working at the second edition of his Cromwell, the Corn Laws were being repealed. Though generally indifferent to the details of contemporary politics, he watched that operation with considerable interest. In *Past and Present* he had thundered against the Corn Laws and denounced Sir Robert Peel as Sir Jabesh Windbag, emptying on him and his "sliding scale" a vial of contemptuous indignation. What was now happening, however, greatly altered for the better his opinion of the statesman who was carrying Corn Law repeal through Parliament, and Peel was to become for Carlyle an "approximate hero." As usual, he assigned to the "hero" all the merit of the great achievement, ignoring the other persons and events who and which co-operated to bring it about. With Sir Robert's conversion to Corn Law repeal, his Cabinet was broken up and he resigned the Premiership. He resumed it when Lord John Russell found himself, not very unwillingly, unable to form an administration. "He has the courage of a lion," Carlyle then said to me, and declared his belief that Peel "would set up a permanent establishment in this country." So little did he understand the working of our beautiful system of party government, or foresee that Peel's share in repealing the Corn Laws was in a few weeks to extrude him from Downing-street and exclude him from it for the few remaining years of his life. But Carlyle did foresee that Corn Law repeal was the precursor of great political changes, nearer or more remote, in the direction of democracy, and the feeling with which he anticipated them was by no means one of unalloyed complacency. In his pessimistic forecast, it was as if he had to live on and work in a decayed and tottering house the fall of which was inevitable. The prospect of such a consummation did not seem altogether delightful to this one of the occupiers of the rickety tenement, as he considered it to be. In view of the ultimate downfall of "great masses of humbug," he said to me then: "You may live to see it; I hope that I shall not."

One subordinate cause of the welcome which Carlyle gave to Corn Law repeal was his hope that it would preserve the aristocracy from a violent death, and allow its members breathing time for reflection on their position and duties. No man ever spoke more plainly of the worthlessness of the merely idle, pleasure-seeking, game-preserving aristocrat, but he cherished a high estimate of the possibilities for good which had fallen to the lot of the English aristocracy as a whole. His own personal experience of some of its members had indeed inspired him with a kindly feeling towards the order to which they belonged. For several years before the repeal of the Corn Laws he had enjoyed a close intimacy with Mr. Bingham Baring and his wife, Lady Harriet, afterwards the second Lord and Lady Ashburton who appreciated his genius and conversation, and of whom he was often the welcome guest. This intimacy ripened into cordial friendship and brought him into contact with many of their compeers, his fellow-guests in town and country, by whom he was treated with the utmost courtesy and respect. Carlyle's lot had been very different from that of Macaulay, for instance, who was his junior, and had made his appearance in literature about the same time as himself. Early in life Macaulay attained literary and political distinction, speedily finding favour with the Whig leaders and obtaining a seat in Parliament, with substantial official benefits from his party as soon as it was raised to power. Slowly and painfully, for more than twenty years after his adoption of a literary career, Carlyle had to "cut his way," as he phrased it, "through the jungle of poverty and obscurity." He would have been more than human if the Radical sternness of his youth had not relaxed a little when, having acquired a modest independence, he found his society welcomed by those whom he calls in his *Reminiscences* "the selectest specimens of the English aristocracy." Once, with the severe rigour of inexperienced youth, I expressed to him surprise at the great complacency with which a prominent democratic leader of those days, on platforms a vehemen denouncer of all placed in authority over him, had been talking to me of some civil speech or other made to him by a Cabinet Minister. When I had finished, Carlyle ejaculated, in a tone expressive of no very strong condemnation of the delinquent: "Poor human nature! Poor human nature!"

A fraction of the winter holiday taken by Carlyle after finishing his Cromwell he passed with his wife in Hampshire, where they were the guests of Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring. After his return to London in the spring to work

at the second edition of the successful book, Mrs. Carlyle went again on a visit to the Barings, this time at Addiscombe, where they had another country-house, Carlyle generally joining her there for a day or two at the end of the week. As the guest then of these particular Barings he was in the society of staunch adherents of Sir Robert Peel. From the formation of Peel's second ministry in 1841, Carlyle's host, Mr. Bingham Baring, had been the parliamentary secretary of the Board of Control until in 1845 he was appointed Paymaster-General of the Forces. This office had been held by Lord John Russell when charged with the conduct of the first Reform Bill, and Mr. Baring was succeeded in it by Macaulay. The work probably was not very heavy, but whatever its nature, the Carlyles reported as something singular, that so long as Mr. Baring was in town "he went every day to his office." When Sir Robert, on declaring his conversion to Corn Law repeal, was deserted by many of the magnates of his ministry and party, Mr. Bingham Baring adhered to him, and resumed his former office on his chief's restoration to the Premiership. If Peel had set up that permanent establishment in this country which Carlyle fondly hoped for, or even if he had remained in office for a year or two more, it is possible that with such influential friends as the Barings, especially when they became Lord and Lady Ashburton, Carlyle might have been enabled to serve his country as a "doer" and not merely as a "speaker." "Goethe," he once said to me, "was the most successful speaker of the century, but I would have been better pleased if he had done something," and to "do something," to do almost anything that was useful and honourable rather than spend his days in painfully writing books, which he felt too keenly to be an inadequate expression of himself, was so strong a desire of Carlyle's that in the middle of his literary career he actually thought of abandoning literature and becoming—a civil engineer! Now that he was famous and successful he might well aspire to some higher practical work, and without parading, he did not conceal his aspiration. There was no need for him to conceal it. His was not the vulgar ambition to be dubbed the "Right Honourable Thomas," with a salary of some thousands a year, paid quarterly, as had been the lot of Macaulay. Carlyle was ready to work, for the work's sake, with Herculean energy, at any of several highly useful public tasks. *Dis aliter visum.*

Of Carlyle's two friendly Barings, Lady Harriet alone belonged to the hereditary aristocracy. She was the eldest daughter of the sixth Earl of Sandwich, and was doubtless none the less interesting to Carlyle that her ancestor Edward Montague, the first Earl, "enlisted," he told me, "with Oliver when he was sixteen." As an Admiral of the Fleet under the Protectorate, he fought with Blake against the Spaniard, but when the Commonwealth fell to pieces after Cromwell's death, he played a prominent part in bringing about the Restoration, and was rewarded with an earldom. The Barings were, in comparison with the Montagues, people of yesterday. German in origin, they traced their descent to the pastor, in the last century, of a Lutheran church at Bremen, who migrated to London. His son John settled in England, and was a cloth manufacturer near Exeter. The cloth manufacturer's son Francis, who in time was created a baronet, laid the foundations of the financial house of Baring, once so pre-eminently great, but somewhat eclipsed in these latter days. Alexander, the second son of Sir Francis, ultimately became the head of his father's house of business, and amassed a colossal fortune, so much of which he sank in the purchase of land that Carlyle, who knew him and liked him, told me that "he might be pricked for a sheriff in any county in England." He was President of the Board of Trade in Peel's first ministry of 1834-5, at the close of which he became the first Lord Ashburton of the modern creation, and during Sir Robert's second administration of 1841-5, he negotiated the well-known Ashburton Treaty, which settled various boundary and other thorny differences between the British and American Governments. The affairs of the financial house, known later as Baring Brothers, seem to have finally fallen into the hands of descendants of this first Lord Ashburton's elder brother. His eldest son, who, as second Lord Ashburton, succeeded him some two years later than the time of which I am writing, was Carlyle's kind and stedfast friend.

Carlyle, Thackeray, Emerson when in England, for a time John Stuart Mill, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Charles Kingsley, Spedding, Henry Taylor, and Venables, who at his death was *doyen* of the *Saturday Review*, and from whom his friend Thackeray borrowed the nobler traits in the character of George Warrington in *Pendennis*, were members of the literary circle which Mr. and Lady Harriet Baring gathered round them before and after they became Lord and Lady Ashburton. Yet, but for Lord Houghton's interesting sketch of both in the chapter, "Lady Ashburton," in his little-read volume, 'Monographs,' not much would be known of the second Lord and Lady Ashburton, otherwise than through Mr. Froude's needlessly elaborate narrative of the mental disturbance occasioned to Mrs. Carlyle by the homage which her husband paid to the lady, and his desire that it should be also paid to her by his wife. Lord Houghton's Monograph is the main authority for what follows. Mr. Bingham Baring formed in early life a warm friendship with Charles Buller, who remained until his premature death a constant and favourite guest of Lord and Lady Ashburton, as they shall henceforth be called. Carlyle, as is well known, had been Charles Buller's tutor, and as long as both were alive, their intimacy survived this connection. It was through Buller apparently that Carlyle and Lord Ashburton became acquainted. Lord Ashburton was a man of very superior intelligence, and felt strongly the responsibilities of his position. He was very shy and retiring, and with all her efforts his brilliant wife could not succeed in exciting in him a political ambition, which, if he had possessed it, could have been easily gratified. He was content to fulfil the duties of his station, to admire his gifted wife and to enjoy the homage which every one rendered to her. It had been partly with the hope, Lord Houghton intimates, of advancing him in political life that she first gathered round her such a circle as had scarcely ever before been seen in London *salon* or English country-house—statesmen, high officials, prominent politicians and ecclesiastics, not a few men of purely intellectual and literary distinction, of all schools and opinions, with a large and doubtless judicious ad-

mixture of people of mere rank and fashion. The Châtelaine herself was one of the cleverest and wittiest of women, but even the amiable Lord Houghton speaks of her "natural rudeness of temperament and despotism of disposition." She was satirical and could be sarcastic. The *parcere subjectis* was much less congenial to her than the *debellare superbos*. "Many who would not have cared for a quiet defeat shrank from the merriment of her victory." "I do not mind being knocked down," moaned one of the victims of her wit, "but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards." She treated even her husband's family with a certain disdain. "The Barings are everywhere," she said, "and get everything." "The only check upon them," she added, "is that they are all members of the Church of England," by which observation she meant presumably to hint that had it been otherwise a Baring might have sat in the chair of St. Peter! The impression made by all that one has read and heard of this famous lady is that she had a great deal more head than heart. Lord Houghton says that her attitude to Carlyle was "one of filial respect and duteous admiration." But, I remember well, Mrs. Carlyle told me, as one of the reasons for her husband's profoundly loyal deference to Lady Ashburton, that she treated him with anything but the respect which he was in the habit of receiving, and Mr. Froude speaks of the very "peremptory" style of her many notes to Carlyle, "rather like the commands of a sovereign than the easy communications of friendship." The "duteous submission" appears to have been shown by Carlyle to Lady Ashburton, not by Lady Ashburton to Carlyle. That was not the attitude which Mrs. Carlyle was disposed to adopt to anybody, least of all to one of her own sex. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Φ

SOME BROWNING REMINISCENCES.

IN Mrs. Orr's Life of Browning a passing allusion is made to an operatic representation in Venice which keenly touched the poet's historical and æsthetic sensibilities. A good many years ago I heard Browning describe an incident in connection with this representation. It struck me very much at the time as showing his quick instinct for a dramatic situation, and though he may have told the story to many others, have not seen it in print.

One day when he was walking in the streets of Venice he read on a playbill that Paisiello's opera, the 'Barbiere di Siviglia' would be given that evening. Now Browning was not only a passionate lover of music, but had an intimate knowledge of the history of the art, and this announcement interested him. As he crossed St. Mark's Square the story of this old opera, and its better known successor, kept running through his head. It had been very famous in its day, and, in fact, its composition had marked a new epoch in music. With Italian audiences it was a prime favourite, and Paisiello owed his popularity to 'Il Barbiere' as much as to any of his other works. While his fame was at its height, Rossini was a very young man, with a great veneration for the elder composer, but with at least as much confidence in himself. The theme of the opera suggested possibilities to him, and he wrote to Paisiello asking for permission to try his hand on it. The permission was not withheld, but the answer was scornful enough of the young man's presumption and of his prospects of success. Discarding, or at all events greatly modifying, Beaumarchais' libretto, Rossini set to work, and his opera, which he called 'Almaviva,' was written in thirteen days, and was brought out at the Teatro d'Argentina at Rome. The actors were but indifferently prepared, which may partly have accounted for the fiasco. Besides, a band of Paisiello's sworn friends were in the house, and there was not one of the audience but felt indignant at the young upstart's audacity in attempting to supplant their favourite. Their ridicule and scorn were very unceremoniously expressed, and the curtain had to be let down before a storm of hisses. Only one person ventured to applaud—Rossini himself. They had silenced him now, he was heard to say, but the day would come, and soon, when the sound of his voice would go throughout the whole earth. And it was so. Before a few years were over, the merits of 'Almaviva,' under its better known name of the 'Barber of Seville,' and the extraordinary powers of its composer, were acknowledged with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, and Paisiello was forgotten. Even now his work was revived only as an experiment, or as an illustration in the history of music. Browning could not be present on account of some other engagement, and he expressed keen regret on this account to a friend of his, an old resident in Venice. "It is the easiest thing in the world to manage," said his friend. "Write to the manager, and tell him that some English visitors wish another representation to be given—many of us will be glad to go—and he will readily and courteously comply,"—which proved to be the case. On the second occasion Browning was present, and knowing Rossini's opera intimately, the older version was full of interest for him. After it was over, he was standing on the steps of the theatre, waiting for his gondola, and thinking of the strange chances that had befallen this bit of music, once hailed as fresh and perfect, keeping the field for a time against its audacious young rival, then giving way till it was finally forgotten. Paisiello's contempt of his rival and Rossini's proud defiance of his critics were running through Browning's mind, when the whiff and the light of a cigar in the canal below attracted his attention. Looking down he saw a bevy of Italian ladies swarming round a gondola, and straining forward to kiss the hand of the owner of the cigar. Browning looked more closely, and saw it was Wagner. And thus three ages had met—the quaint old world of melody that had passed with Paisiello, the world that Rossini held under his sway with his richer powers, and Wagner's with the future, his in promise, but not all conquered. And a poet was there to record the meeting.

I cannot claim to speak of Browning's personal characteristics with any authority. But he seemed to me one of the most simple-minded and genuine of men, and no one would have guessed he had the misfortune to be a social "lion." He needed no distinguished audience, and gave of his best in a corner to two or three unimportant persons. What I remember of his conversation recalls, not a professional talker, but a man with a great number of interests, who had had a full life and enjoyed most of it, and whose feelings were deep and genuine. But for a certain fire in the eye, and his short pointed Vandyke beard, he

might have passed for a sturdy, prosperous gentleman farmer.

In spite of the diffusion of Browning's interests, he was more than a mere dilettante in the various arts he practised. His knowledge of music was, I believe, profound, and I remember his telling with what enjoyment he worked at sculpture in Rome—probably in Mr. Story's studio. The great advantage of sculpture as an occupation over his own especial art was, he said, the possibilities it provided for uninspired moments. You need never be altogether idle; you could model a hand or something of the kind, and the time was not spent in vain. But days and weeks might pass without the impulse to express your soul in poetry; and what good to put pen to paper without that?

His long unpopularity had never unduly depressed Browning, but for appreciation and right understanding he was probably very grateful. He told me that the heartiest and most spontaneous expressions of appreciation had come from America, and that many of them had been a gratification and an encouragement to him. How he was pestered for explanations of his poems every one knows. A friend of mine, with many apologies, passed on a request from an acquaintance that he would tell on what occasion, and with reference to what event, he had written his poem of ——. "'How we Brought the Good News,' madam, is it not?" he asked, promptly. "Why, yes; but how did you know?" "Never a morning passes but I find several letters on my breakfast table asking the same question. Now I look for it."

One of the few times I ever saw Browning he was deeply nterested in, and his talk was full of, the revised version of the Old Testament. I have been told that he knew the Old Testament in Hebrew by heart. That is probably wide of the truth, but his knowledge of the two English versions was certainly remarkable. Challenged as to whether, as a poet, he did not prefer the older renderings —he had just been citing the famous caper-berry variation in Ecclesiastes—he said he did not. The newer version seemed to have gained in faithfulness, and that, he said, never carried any loss along with it.

In the course of the conversation Rossetti's name had been mentioned, and he told me in what admiration and affection he had held him in his earlier days, and what distress it had been when Rossetti's morbid disinclination for society, and especially for that of his old friends, had banished him. After Rossetti's death he heard that he had expressed a wish that Browning would come and see him, and it was a matter of deep regret that the message had not reached him in time.

Browning was an old man in years then—he had passed three-score and ten—but there must have been fire in his heart still. With nothing was I more struck than with a certain buoyancy and hopefulness of spirit. He did not seem to regard his work as over, but rather that "the best was still to be"; and I remember he cited Æschylus to prove that the poetical faculties do not die out with the approach of age, but that, on the contrary, they ripen. A young boy can describe a rose, he said, but a man must have lived to rightly shadow forth the human heart. The grand exceptions, Keats and the others, he admitted; but, evidently in spite of 'Pauline' and 'Paracelsus,' he could find no explanation of them out of his own experience. Possibly at that time he had a great many more dramas working in his brain than ever took definite shape, but at all events he lived to give us 'Asolando.'

E CATHEDRA.

S.—But I do like lions—I do want to stare at them, and hear their growls or caterwauling, and to see them fed, if only in the dullest of menageries. As it is, I have to stare through the eyes of others, and content myself with memoirs, reminiscences, and the society papers.

M.—Not at all. You have only to go on pushing through the crowd, sideling deferentially in front of the strong, crawling between the legs of the giants, elbowing and shoving as hard as you can, short of provoking resentment save from the poor wretches who apologise almost before you stamp on their toes, and in a few years you may worm your way right up to the bars—nay, even in time yourself be admitted to the cage, and wear a collar with a ticket on it, and grin and gape and lash your tail with the best. That is, of course if you think it worth while.

S.—I scarcely do. Yet a thing may be worth doing though I have not the pluck to do it. But you, Master, who will never go a street out of your way to meet a celebrity—who, when you do fall across them, ignore the opportunity, depart and straightway forget—ah, if only I had had your chances! Why is it so with you?

M.—And why do you ask? Possibly you may have passed a fashionable temple some sunny morning as the mob was bustling in; if so, probably you strolled by on the other side with a certain sense of complacent relief—albeit you are rather an honest Publican than a Pharisee; but certainly you did not analyse that mood of yours, or you would guess at least one of my reasons.

S.—How you hate a crowd!

M.—I hate what it implies—Error. Till the masses are strong enough to throttle us, let us go on speaking our minds. The mob—whether frowsy or well-dressed, in salons or slums—must always be wrong—always has been, always will be wrong till it ceases to be mob. Always—always. Never forget that, Scholar! In literature, in religion, as well as in politics.

S.—Nay, surely the mob has rightly judged and warmly espoused some worthy causes.

M.—Never once. It cannot judge. It has no opinions, no right to opinions, for it has no mind. It is but an aggregate of undisciplined brains, drugged into torpor, or unhealthily excited. Where the question is but an alternative, doubtless it may sometimes happen to shout on the right side. Even then it cares nothing for the right, does not grasp its rightness, chafes at its yoke. Under mob patronage the right becomes well-nigh as evil as the wrong.

S.—Master, you go too far. Public opinion recognised Dickens, for instance.

M.—Because public opinion is not always the same thing as the mob, but the mob plus the elect. I loathe this cant about popular criticism, the infallibility of the masses and the rest of it. Where is the sense of wasting a lifetime in finding out what is best and why it is best—of searching the mind of Homer and Shakespeare, if you are to go truckling

to the rabble and assuring them that of course they are quite right, and after all Tupper is the Prince of Poets? Yet this is practically what many are doing—"men of light and leading" is the slang name for them—say rather base sutlers and camp followers of the hordes of ignorance—always in the rear. They whisper to the mob—"it is too soon to steal the silver teapots of the classes—that will come later on—meanwhile make them pay for your education; really it is something worth grabbing"—then the old story—knowledge is power, blessings of Extensionist Culture, carrière ouverte à tous les talents, and so on. Educate! educate! is the cry. Very well. You become educated, and then it is—"Hold your tongue—you don't know nothing about it—you are now only one of the classes."

S.—This comes of my mentioning crowds. But to return, is it nothing to be able to say that you have talked to men like——

M.—Infinitely less than nothing. To have actually talked to them—that is to say, met them, bowed, grinned, chattered and got them to chatter a bit—even that is but a trifle. But to have really conversed with them—that, I grant you, is a good deal. If your Froude, or your Stevenson, or your Kaiser William, or your Pope Leo likes to bring his pipe to my study any night about ten, and at once settle down without fuss to real conversation, why then I will gladly sit up with him till daylight, provided he will kindly take himself off as he came, and not drag me after him into the Syrtes of Society.

S.—"Son animali al mondo di sì altera vista che'ncontr'al sol pur si difende." Whom will you not patronize?

M.—Stupid! why, that recoils on you and your recollectionist lion-hunters. I and my evening walks are pointed at in the next lines—what are they?—about those others who only come forth "verso la sera" because "il gran lume gli offende." But stay! Petrarch will always bear a second meaning. Take the "evening" for Death or Never, and the "glaring light" for publicity, and you have the secret of me and many a wiser man. Ah! you have sent me astray again—revenons à nos lions. Yes, there are some great personalities one would wish to have touched quite closely—two at least, Johnson and Gibbon, whose comity and good opinion you also, I trust, would value above the adulation of a whole continent of quacks. But we are too late. If you will find out on whom their mantles have fallen, here am I ready to kiss the hem.

S.—Nay, Master, surely there are a few men of letters even now worth talking to.

M.—A few! they swarm—if only you could unlock their jaws and unbutton their collars; but that you must not venture to do with the big ones—it would be a liberty—and so you will usually find the Bohemian better company than the Academician. As for the lesser lights, I suppose they twinkle a good deal, perhaps too much; but really I know so little about these matters. Ah! once indeed I did meet a really interesting, really memorable literary character. Did I ever tell you about that discussion on French law? But no; remind me about it another time.

S.—Well, then, at least tell me why literary men are social failures.

M.—I never said they were—I said I knew nothing about them; whereupon, as usual, you pester me to tell you all about them. Well, if you want my guesses—let us first classify. First into the Man of Letters simple, and the Man of Letters compound—that is, the man who has combined literature with political, forensic, military or commercial pursuits. This latter class we may dismiss—their versatility naturally is in their favour—they are likely to talk well if you keep clear of literary subjects. Men of Letters pure and simple must be subdivided into those who go in for society and those who do not. These last, unless they are monstrously eccentric, are of course social failures, being obviously out of their element. If they say anything worth saying people stare and knit their brows in an agony of cogitation over the oracle; the remark has fallen flat, so the celebrity tries childish inanity; instantly brows unbend and lips curl—"what came we forth for to see? so *this* poor reed is the celebrated X!"—while the agitated old man stands mumchance, longing to be back to his slippers and his dozing cat.

S.—I own to little relish for such harrowing sights, but——

M.—Then best stay at home. As for the society men here are many species, from the writer who goes a little, into the world to the man of pleasure who pretends to do a little writing now and then; but, I take it, this formula will embrace them all—in proportion as a man absorbs himself in his art, creative art especially, he will be eclipsed in society by the practised diner-out who makes the science of pleasing his speciality. Whence I infer that if you reverence literary greatness, and at the same time "applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life," you will do well to view them apart, and to approach the Author not in the drawing-rooms, where he is at a disadvantage, but where alone he is himself—in his books.

S.—Well, I suppose you are right in a way. I only wish I could dogmatize like you. At any rate, if a cat may not look at a king, he may at least read about him.

M.—He may and he may not—that depends. To rightly appreciate most books it is well to know a little of the author—say a dozen lines—his date, upbringing, environment, and such like. Whether you need more depends partly on the man, partly on his book. Some great writers can hardly be said to have lived a life at all—here the biographer becomes perforce a mere chiffonier and dust-sifter. Others, like Shakespeare, have purposely suppressed their personality—their lives therefore do not concern us. Sometimes we want to know a great deal; for instance, why does Shelley either disgust or debauch the ordinary reader? Simply because, save Jeaffreson's rough attempt, there exists no biography of the poet worth looking at. There remains, of course, the case where the book, though a fine book, a perfect book, a consummate work of genius, is less interesting than the writer because it is but an emanation, a partial incarnation of his profoundly interesting personality. Of such an author the minutest details are invaluable, for they supplement and enrich his authentic writings. You know of plenty such cases.

S.—Oh yes; and it was of such cases that I was thinking.

M.—No. What you thought was that because a man had written a fine poem you were somehow bound to find

out what he liked for supper and how he got on with his mother-in-law. Yet you are entirely incurious as to the man who carved that most admirable and prettily-fancied pipe you are smoking. Scholar, you are a martyr to imaginary duties.

But we have only been playing with the fringes of the question. Let us cut to its centre. Why should you not read the life of George Eliot? Simply because you have not time. Till your mind is formed, till you are forty, all your reading, apart from acquisition of knowledge, is to teach you how to think and how to act. You cannot read every good biography; you must select. Choose then, as a rule, those of men of action, not those of authors. Learn to *live* from the men living round you, or from the records of the dead who have lived most effectively and forcefully. Such books will teach or warn you; will stimulate or restrain your volition as nothing else can. Learn to *think* from the thinkers, whether poets or philosophers, creators or critics, and learn it from their writings, not from their lives. For the life of the veritable Man of Letters, like that of the irreproachable woman, affords no food for popular curiosity. Absorbed, the one in her family, the other in his works, "però che'l gran lume gli offende non escon fuor." Enough for the Author if "his virtues walk their narrow round"; the glorious tournament of life, the clamorous arena of the Present is not for him, but the silent amphitheatre of the Future and the Past where he wrestles with giant thoughts and magic fantasies. He lives two lives—one to the world, not worth recording—the other, to his art, is beyond our ken. As by a touching fiction the Roman son who fell for his country still as "famâ superstes" retained his place in the family roll, so this hidden life of the Author, this better part of him, this spiritual vitality Death but prolongs and intensifies as it huddles away in the grave the foolish frailties and social imperfections of his outward semblance. For thus it is—we pore over the achievements of our great captains and illustrious patriots; we revere the statues which preserve to us their forms and features; it is the spirit of the Poet that we cherish—the soul that vibrates to eternity in his imperishable lines.

S.—See, the fire has gone out. What shall we do?

M.—A tiny spark may linger yet. Y. Y.

THE ORDEAL OF SIR AUSTIN FEVEREL.

THE last rays of the sun through the summer-house window touched with a parental tinge the shining bubbles in Sir Austin's glass, as if the orb which had warmed the grape could not take leave of day without casting a twinkling eye of approval on the wine. It was Sir Austin Feverel's favourite Veuve, which he and Mr. Colney Durance were discussing; that inevitable second bottle indeed, which was so often needed to clear the channel of discourse, choked by logs of philosophy and intricate metaphors, and an accumulated driftwood of interjections; for weighty thought is apt to stick immovable in this shallow English of ours, turning the current to fantastic eddies, till the generous flood of old Veuve sweeps the whole mass over Niagara.

"True, Colney," Sir Austin was saying, "true; as you have always maintained, this wine is the key of my System. If there were enough of it, if the cellar could stand the drain, how it would unlock the tongues of half the people I have trained! Poor Richard! You won't remember him. He was fluent enough, especially with women. But the other pupils of the System, I am told, are sometimes unintelligible to the world. That stupid old world, my Colney, which, as you said so well yesterday, always swallows the oyster and ignores the pearl."

Mr. Durance flushed slightly, hemm'd once or twice, tossed off another glass of wine, and seemed to be bracing himself to some decision.

"Sir Austin Feverel," he said at last, "you have done me the honour of introducing me to the System. I appreciate this very much, for it has enabled me, sir, to listen to your remarkable conversation, and to—to join you in the praises of the old Veuve. It *is* a splendid wine, Sir Austin, and that I will always stick to." He clutched the bottle with enthusiasm, and poured out another glass.

"But what is it that you stick to besides the bottle, my Colney?" asked Sir Austin. "Ah, thank you. We will finish it together. Well, you were saying that an empty bottle is life's lowest common denominator."

"There's my trouble, Sir Austin," said Mr. Durance. "I said nothing of the kind. I have never said any of the things you are constantly quoting, with my name tacked on to them. It worries me, sir, because the other pupils make my life a burden. There's Sir Willoughby Patterne, who is always saying, 'Well, Colney, tell us that good thing you said to Sir Austin yesterday.' And the Miss Poles, they have started a confession-book, and they are for ever begging me to write something in it about the fine feelings. But the worst of them is Diana of the Crossways."

"Indeed!" said Sir Austin, with a shadow of apprehension flitting between his eyebrows. "And of what libel on your admirable wit is she guilty?"

"She says it reminds her too much of the tiresome old bores you introduced at her dinner-table as the most brilliant jokers in town. She says——"

"No, no," cried Sir Austin hurriedly, with both hands extended in protest. "That is enough. It is all jealousy, believe me, old Colney. They cannot bear to see the gems which drop from your unconscious lips. And sometimes, like a true philosopher, you treat them as we treat that great foolish public of ours, and cast shells before them instead of pearls. Why, you know the System condescends to select other people's shells, and display them in the market."

"You mean the stories you have read and passed for publication," said Mr. Durance. "I never thought that practice quite worthy of you, sir, and I fear it will lead you into serious embarrassment."

"This excellent Colney!" murmured Sir Austin, toying with his empty glass. "What was it you said last week about the folly of paying heed to idle clamour? Ah, I remember. The eagle does not listen to the orchestra of the ass."

"You have done it again!" said Colney, indignantly. "I never called him an ass. And when he turns up here, as he may at any moment, you will not relish his company, judging from the frenzy he was in yesterday when he demanded your address."

"And who is this terrible person?"

"The founder of the Art Union of West Africa. His name is James Hoskins, and he says he is directly libelled by that story of James Katskins, who ran a chromo-lithograph business amongst the natives on the West Coast, and when they quarrelled about the pictures sold them powder and shot to fight it out."

"Dear me!" said Sir Austin, reflectively. "I thought that was an excellent illustration of the effect of art criticism on savage races. And, do you know, it seemed to me also a subtle satire on the effeminacy of art critics at home. Instead of petty squabbles in the journals, how much more emphatic, not to say picturesque, for an Impressionist to etch his defiance with a few skilful strokes in steel on the visage of some champion of another school! As you remarked, my Colney——"

Here there was an interruption, for a voice was heard in the dogged tone of a grievance which will out-Herod the thunder-clap—"If Sir Austin Feverel is here, I *will* see him," and suddenly a stranger stood in the doorway. He was tall and spare, with prominent cheek-bones and a broken nose, a model of the British athlete after a fierce bout at football.

"Mr. Hoskins, probably?" said Sir Austin, with an apologetic glance at the empty bottle. "Sorry you are too ate to share our libation to the arts, of which I hear you are a prominent representative."

"The best chromo-lithographs in West Africa," said Mr. Hoskins. "A portrait of the Queen in six different colours, which I sold to Oko Jumbo, was his principal fetish for years. It worked such marvels of beneficence that King Ja Ja made war on Oko Jumbo to obtain possession of it. And in the story of James Katskins, of which you, Sir Austin Feverel, authorised the publication, it is actually asserted that I sold guns and ammunition to both sides."

"But that was a tribute to your impartiality," suggested Sir Austin.

"I tell you, sir," exclaimed Mr. Hoskins, "that I confined myself to the peaceful and civilising mission of high art. I never sold anything more warlike than the portrait of a militiaman."

"And did they fight over that?" inquired Colney.

"They did," replied Mr. Hoskins; "but so many were killed that the country enjoyed the blessings of profound peace for three years."

"But how do you know that James Katskins was meant for you?" asked Colney.

"Hasn't he a broken nose, and doesn't he look like a bruiser? That description fits me exactly."

"I congratulate you," said Sir Austin.

"Thank you. There's no sham modesty about me. Well, then, he comes home with a handsome competence, and devotes himself to tricycling. And I'm the champion bicyclist of Lower Tooting. Of course, it was meant for me. What is more, I intend to have damages out of the publishers; but I came here to-day just to give you a word of advice. You write stories too. I tried to read one out in Africa, and couldn't make head or tail of it, except a fight somewhere in a mountain pass. That was stunning, and I've felt kindly towards you ever since. I only wished I could see Oko Jumbo and Ja Ja fight it out like that. So look here; don't you ever let yourself be drawn into libelling a man in his business. Stick to slogging. And if ever you want anything good in the chromo-lithograph line, just you send a post-card to James Hoskins. Lower Tooting's enough address. They all know me there!"

With this, Mr. Hoskins smiled graciously and withdrew.

"I declare this justifies a third bottle of old Veuve," said Sir Austin, after a pause. "It reminds me, my Colney, of that epigram of yours——"

"Take care," interrupted the other. "The fabrication of quotations—and such quotations!—is dangerously like a libel!"

The third bottle was not drunk.

BEHIND A BOOKSELLER'S COUNTER.

The Season's Books—Mr. Andrew Lang and the Booksellers—Net Books.

WE are all disappointed. December is not proving itself so good a month for business as we had anticipated. There is nothing to "boom." The demand for Froude's 'Catherine' has faded away like the early dew. Is it because the public are tired of having great names of shady reputations whitewashed? In spite of Mr. Froude, there are apparently few who still believe that Henry VIII. is a bit better than the popular estimate of him fifty years ago before the great History was written, and not even the charm of Mr. Froude's literary style will dispel that belief. Plucky Mrs. Grimwood has had in her book a *succès d'estime*, and it has been a real pleasure to booksellers to lend a helping hand in making it so; but yet it cannot be said to have been the book of the season, as the price was somewhat prohibitive. Lord Rosebery's Life of Pitt has had a deserved success, but even if a bookseller disposes of a hundred copies, the amount does not swell his returns to any great extent. The only other book which is having a considerable run is Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford,' with Hugh Thomson's exquisite illustrations. These are really all our conspicuous season's books, and it is rather a sorry show, when we think of the magnitude of English literature and the great number of eminent living literary men on our rolls. The quantity of mediocre books which have been issued this winter is really beyond the average, as THE BOOKMAN list testifies; but the limited sales of each volume hardly justifies the statement that any one of them can be regarded as a great success.

* * * * * *

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the November number of *Longman*, has been praising the bookstall boys, to the disparagement of the bookseller. It is perhaps only his fun, but still his remarks are painful to the "frogs." I do not hesitate to say that there is no more conscientious and well-informed man than the bookseller. He has been drawn into the business from a love of books and literature, and it is a real pleasure to him to dole out the knowledge to his customers which he has acquired during many years' labour. It is not always possible for a bookseller to know of every book which has been published on any given subject, but such information as he has in his memory is always at any one's service, and very often meets with a poor requital. It is not very pleasant for a bookseller to provide a customer with guidance for the book he is in search of, and then be calmly told he will procure it from some library. Such things do occur again and again, and is apt to sour the bookseller's temper when he is next approached by some inquiring customer. While bookselling is a delightful business, it does not always bring a rich reward. There are few booksellers who do not know something of the insides of most of the books they sell, and I have been surprised at the knowledge possessed by some who do not receive credit for being bookish booksellers. Even a knowledge of prices is an education in itself. There is no doubt that the cheapness of many of the books of the present day prevents booksellers from being too curious as to the contents of shilling books, but ask a bookseller as to the literary value

of a book above six shillings in price, and you will find him "all there."

* * * * * *

Messrs. Macmillan are still continuing to issue books at net prices, and I shall be anxious, in common with many in the trade, to learn how it is answering their purpose. Many booksellers like it, but I fear the greater number object to it very strenuously. It is not always possible to make a customer believe that he is receiving any advantage on telling him that when he pays 7s. 6d. for a net book, he is provided with the book at a cheaper price than if it was published at 10s. 6d., and sold at the discount price of 8s. He is incredulous, and still considers that he is being defrauded of 1s. 10d., believing that he should not pay more than 5s. 8d. for the 7s. 6d. net book. I have heard of some booksellers being told by their customers that they observe the book is advertised net, but as they have always obtained their books at the discount prices, this will be no exception! What is the poor bookseller to say? I notice that one or two publishers are following Messrs. Macmillan's example with a few of their books in making them net, but I think they should wait until they see the result of Mr. Macmillan's experiment. I am obliged to keep the shilling net 'Tennyson for the Young' entirely out of sight to prevent my assistants selling it at ninepence, as it has exactly the appearance of one of the shilling primers. Δ

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 15th and December 15th, 1891:—

1. London, Central.

1. Pitt. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
2. Cranford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
3. Salisbury. 3s. 6d. (Low.)
4. My Three Years in Manipur. 15s. (Bentley.)
5. John Leech. 2 vols. 26s. (Bentley.)
6. Maspero's Egypt. 5s. (C. and H.)

The most noteworthy feature of the month is the large increase in the demand for the works of J. M. Barrie.

2. London, West.

1. Rosebery's Life of Pitt. (Macmillan.)
2. Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan.)
3. Lowell's Poetical Works, edited by Thomas Hughes. (Macmillan.)
4. Mrs. Grimwood's Three Years in Manipur. (Bentley.)
5. John Leech, by W. P. Frith. (Bentley.)
6. Lang's Angling Sketches. (Longmans.)

3. Edinburgh, West.

1. Pitt, by Lord Rosebery. (Macmillan and Co.)
2. Marquis of Salisbury, by H. D. Traill. (S. Low and Co.)
3. Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan and Co.)
4. Lyra Heroica, edited by W. E. Henley. (Nutt.)
5. Epistles to the Thessalonians, by Rev. J. Denney. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
6. Lowell's Poetical Works. (Macmillan and Co.)

4. Manchester.

1. Kipling's Books.
2. Cranford, illustrated by Thomson.
3. The Stream of Pleasure, by Pennell.
4. Drummond's Baxter's Second Innings.
5. United States, Pen and Pencil Series. (Tract Society.)
6. Lowell's Poems. (Macmillan.)

5. Bradford (Yorks).

1. Cranford, Gaskell, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)
2. Introduction to Old Testament Literature, Driver. 12s. (T. and T. Clark.)
3. Programme of Christianity, Drummond. 1s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
4. Old Testament Theology, Duff. 10s. 6d. (Black.)
5. Pitt, Rosebery. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
6. Nurse Heatherdale, Molesworth. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
7. Days with Sir Roger de Coverley, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

6. Burnley.

1. Hocking, Rev. Silas R. For Light and Liberty. 2s. 6d. (Warne and Co.)
2. Henty's Dash for Khartoum. 6s. (Blackie and Son.)
3. Swan's Who Shall Serve? 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
4. Henty's Held Fast for England. 5s. (Blackie and Son.)
5. Strand Magazine, Vol. II.
6. Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us by leading booksellers in the districts indicated.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG JOURNALIST.

By an Old Hand.

IT is in a sense true that many branches of journalism remain to-day any clever man's affair. Give him tact, knowledge, quickness in seizing points, knowledge of the world, as well as a certain hold on the tendencies of things—the qualities, in a word, which go to make the good statesman, the good general, the good commercial man, or anything perhaps but the original thinker—and you may make an editor of him. It is not, however, this small and peculiarly fit class with whom one need concern oneself. They will find their way to the top as much by neglecting all the approved methods of becoming a journalist as by following them. It is the average man, who contributes a good deal to the newspaper writing of the day, and who often finds the struggle for his daily bread unnecessarily severe by his ignorance of the best way to begin, who feels the want of guidance in the earlier stages of his career. How calamitously and how tragically a young journalist of this type may miss his mark, none but a *habitué* of Fleet Street can know. Personally I have had no experience of that trouble; for I entered journalism by inheritance, and found that I had only to climb quietly while others around me were looking frantically around for foot-holds. More than this, I began my progress at the bottom of the tree. I went from a first rate Grammar School—where I had been steeped in iambics and hexameters, in Thucydides, Greek Testament, Homer, and Horace—to the compositor's "case," to the reading-room, and to the sub-editor's desk, where I learned successively to set up from MS., to correct a "proof," to cut a paragraph to pieces, and to report cases in the police-courts. They were to me years of bitter sorrow and chagrin, but they were a useful training.

But supposing the journalist omits this apprenticeship, and starts simply with the rather ramshackle intellectual equipment that he gets at school or an English University. It may be said of him with certainty that he will not be able to write for newspapers straight away, and what is he to do meanwhile? I think he had better learn shorthand. An ability to write 150 words a minute, and to transcribe the notes with speed and accuracy, will at least mean to-day, even more than it meant twenty years ago, a steady earning power of from £80 to £100 a year, which is in itself a single young man's livelihood. With this gift he can live

hile he is learning his trade, and it is also one of the easiest paths to employment in it. If he becomes what is known as a *verbatim* note-taker; that is to say, if he can write 180 words a minute, and can read them after he has written them, he may go steadily from a junior reportership, say on an evening paper at £3 a week, to four, five, or six guineas, which is the average salary of a gallery reporter. This is the market value of a purely mechanical gift, which may be combined with any kind of journalistic talent, and which carries in itself a guarantee against want. The most cultivated journalist in my acquaintance makes about £500 a year; I know a dozen reporters and second-rate descriptive writers who are making at least £800. Even if the young shorthand writer has no regular employment, his gift is sure to procure him occasional work in the shape of reporting meetings, taking notes in a law case, a casual position as private secretary, or as a shorthand clerk. It will introduce him to the real world of journalism, to politics, the Law Courts, the administrative bodies, and finally to Parliament and the lobby. My experience is that the supply of good shorthand writers is smaller than the demand. Of course he must reckon for nine months' or a year's practice at a good establishment like the Metropolitan School of Shorthand, or at his own home. If to shorthand he adds the gift of type-writing, he will add greatly to his chances of obtaining the best consideration for his work at the hands of a busy and impatient editor. He will also be able to multiply his material and send it to two or three offices at once.

Having learned shorthand and type-writing, the young journalist is furnished with the tools of his trade, but that is all. Say that his ambition is to become a reporter. He has still to learn the knack of getting at the sources of information, and to acquire a certain knowledge of public men and public affairs. How is he to attain these? I think, always assuming he is taking to journalism as a trade, that he is likely to get to learn them very much more easily in a small country town than in London. The work at the police-courts, which plays so important a part in the work of a provincial newspaper, and which in London is largely in the hands of a close corporation of reporters (by the way, Mr. Grossmith was a member of one of the original "lineage" firms), is best studied out of London. It is the police-court, indeed, which is the school of modern journalism, and it is invaluable because it carries with it a knowledge of the A B C of criminal law, and gives the boy with his wits about him his first plunge into the realities of life—the coarse and brutal realities which after all are the stock-in-trade of the journalist, as they have to be of the preacher, the statesman, and the philosopher. If in this process he has really learned that rarest of all gifts, how to describe a thing as well as report it, he is fit for any thing, from a Social Science Congress to a European war. If he is not of that stamp, he will have learned, at least, something of the manner in which public bodies transact business, and will be able to report the proceedings of a Board of Guardians, or a Vestry, or a public meeting, of which a summarised rather than a *verbatim* report is required.

I will suppose, however, that my journalist has literary ideas, and that he desires to shine as a writer for newspapers rather than as a reporter, sub-editor, or director of them. In that case he is not properly speaking a journalist at all, and can only, in rare instances, aspire to the conduct of a great newspaper. He may drift from newspaper work to the law, from the law to newspaper work. He may advance from the daily sheet to the magazine or the novel, or he may turn into any of the by-paths of literature which branch off from the broad and level road of journalism. With him I have nothing more to do. But if the young man desires to write for daily papers, the best course again is to aim low at first. Unless he has especially good introductions, and can boast of an especially good University career, he had better steer clear of the great newspapers. Mr. Buckle, the present editor of the *Times*, came straight from an Oxford College to the sub-editorship of the *Times*, with the express understanding that he was to fill Delane's place; but this was one instance in ten thousand. As a rule, the best chance for a young man of average ability and some capacity for writing, but of little experience, is a weekly suburban or provincial journal, where he can combine the writing of gossipy paragraphs with occasional reporting and sub-editing. I have before me one case in which a position of this kind led, a year or so ago, to the purchase of half a share of a country paper, which to-day brings its owner a clear thousand a year, and gives him a position as a leading townsman. Nor is it in the least necessary to go to London in order to obtain some of the best positions in journalism. Papers like the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Liverpool Post*, the *Scotsman*, and the *Newcastle Chronicle* all offer, in their way, larger opportunities for original work than do the great London dailies, which move in grooves, and require in the members of their staffs a certain grip of London life and the knack of easily transposing their impressions into readable English, rather than strength or freshness of intelligence.

Next let me suggest that if my aspirant is bent on securing a position on one of the London dailies, his best chance is to send it paragraphs rather than articles. Of late years indeed, the newspaper has been largely modifying its media of intelligence. The American leaderette is pushing out the leader, the personal paragraph, the contributed article. The essay at large is still affected by papers like *The [Times*, the *Globe*, the *Evening Standard*, and the *St. James's Gazette*; but this sort of work is nearly all contributed by well-known writers, the pay is not large—not more than two guineas a column, sometimes only a guinea—and an outsider can only commend himself by some such freshness of observation and style as has given writers like "Q," Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Barry Pain, an early and rapid success. Even so, he could only hope for the occasional acceptance of articles, and there is no livelihood to be had on those terms. While, however, it is always best to specialise, there are some positions which are not open to a beginner. Theatrical criticism, for instance, is out of the question save for an expert who has studied the English, and, let me add, the French, drama, for the last twenty years, and knows the characteristics of actors and actresses, their records and their styles. The same may be said with even greater force of musical criticism, while the writing of reviews is rarely entrusted to outsiders. The aspirant should begin, therefore, with the paragraph, and when he has learned to write it

well he may write nearly anything. He should send his material—if possible type-written—over and over again, as John Morley used to do, and send nothing with it but simply his name and address written in the corner of his paper. If he gets a paragraph inserted he may be emboldened to write to the editor. When he does he should write six lines rather than sixteen, and tell him precisely what he thinks he can do for him. He should watch his paper like a cat, and see the points in which it is lacking, the subjects it misses, and the interests it neglects. And when he finds himself able to do all these things, he may be pretty sure that he is already a made, if not a born, journalist.

But obviously all advice concerning the mechanics of journalism is useless unless a man has something to say, and the knowledge of how to say it. It was Cobbett, I think, who said: "Do not think what to write, but write what you think," and this peculiarly is true of the journalist whose business it is to illustrate day by day Horace's idea of "saying common things properly." As in the higher paths of literature and life, reality, sincerity, conviction, simplicity in the man will bring clearness, directness, and force to the style. If he is such a person he will naturally avoid such pestiferous writing as he will see in at least one of the great daily journals, and aim at nothing more than saying what he has to say in the fewest words, with the least possible resort to metaphor, and with the desire simply of getting at the heart of his subject, and digging it out, as it were, in short, sharp strokes.

Two more points. A useful resolve would be to let nothing stand in the way of a thorough acquaintance with the facts, so far as they are attainable. I have suffered all my life from a certain social shyness which prevents me from doing justice to a great part of my work, and have dwelt far beneath the heights of the journalist who said that when he wanted to interview a man he went straight to his house, and if he were kicked out of the front door, he would not have the smallest objection to getting in by the back. In some kinds of work, such as lobbying, interviewing, and paragraph hunting, assurance and tact will have to go together; and I have to repeat that the qualities that make a good journalist are very much the same as those that go to making a statesman or a man of the world.

As to reading, I should be very cautious. Modern history, political economy, the elements of English law, with poetry and *belles lettres*, as a standing background, are what a newspaper man most wants. In style, he will inevitably learn most from Macaulay, a giant of journalism, whose best work can never be excelled or equalled. For the highest kind of work, he will find that the closer, the more baldly, the more relentlessly, the more originally, the more unconventionally he observes, the more promising will be his future. Let him read Maupassants' account of how he learned to write, and watch Rudyard Kipling's minute descriptive method. After all, the advice to be a journalist is like the advice to be a poet: excellence does not come of the seeking. Finally it will be good for him, both as a man and a journalist—if he *must* come to London—to join some form of associated life, either a club (Press, National Liberal, Savage) or a residential settlement like Toynbee or University Hall.

NEW BOOKS.

LORD ROSEBERY'S PITT.*

A good biographer should be something of a partisan; if a man's life is worth writing, it ought to be written sympathetically. Of these literary canons we may find an excellent illustration in two volumes which lie before us, side by side. Mr. Wakeman is an Oxford Churchman, and a Conservative in politics; but in his biographical essay on Fox he has almost succeeded in writing himself down a Liberal. Lord Rosebery has spent a considerable part of his life in battling against the party which looks to Pitt as its founder; but in this his first serious literary effort he has done justice, and sometimes rather more than justice, to his subject, while his strictures on the political conduct of Mr. Fox are severe enough to cause a painful sensation at Brooks's. If the able pens of that venerable society should attempt reprisals, they will not fail to find material for criticism. Some injudicious friend has thought it necessary to assure the public that this volume was not written by Mr. Morley. No such assurance was needed; the opening chapters of the book contain a good many sentences which Mr. Morley would certainly not have passed, in a composition of his own. But as Lord Rosebery warms to his work, his style becomes more simple and natural, and in his closing chapters he attains to a high level of excellence.

There is not much that is new to be said or discovered about Mr. Pitt. Lord Rosebery seems to think that the unpublished papers of George III. and his ministers may throw a new light on the history of the period, but it is far from probable that any new documents will alter our estimate of a man whose whole life has already been made public property. His place among our statesmen is fixed, and he takes rank with the greatest of them. There are indeed a few elderly Radicals who keep up the old fashion of denouncing him; to them he is still the wicked Tory minister who wasted the taxpayers' money in bribing German princes to attack an inoffensive and beneficent Republic. But this version of the story is out of date; every addition to our knowledge makes it more certain that Pitt was, in fact, the type and model of official Liberalism. Free trade, peace, retrenchment, and domestic reform were the keynotes of his policy; and if the Republic would only have let him alone he would never have spent a shilling to prevent the French people from having any kind of government they liked. Forced into war, he was compelled to lay all domestic questions aside; he had to save the empire. And when we consider the state of parties at that time, we cannot wonder that Pitt identified the safety of the empire with the stability of his own administration. If he broke down, there were two parties strong enough to aspire to the succession. There were the King's friends, who would have done without Pitt if they had dared; and there were Fox and his friends—Fox, who exulted in the success of the public enemy, and boasted his inability to understand economy and finance. Measuring himself with such competitors, Pitt might well conclude in his own mind that he had a right to govern. He was successful in asserting his right; it is indeed the very completeness of his success that tells against him in the popular imagination. Pitt was always high-minded, and sometimes even generous, but he never did anything to endanger his position. Lord Rosebery has laboured to prove that Pitt's assent to the impeachment of Warren Hastings was a sacrifice to principle; but the worst of it is that the sacrifice was just what was wanted at the moment to make a good case for the ministry. On the one hand, Pitt disengaged himself from Thurlow and the Court party, who were unqualified in their approval of all that Hastings had done; on the other hand, he convinced the moderate Whigs that he was a constitutional minister, willing and anxious to protect the people of India against illegal exercise of power. We do not mean to contend that principle had nothing to do with Pitt's decision; but in his midnight colloquies with Dundas he must have adverted to considerations of party policy. Now Dundas has never been mistaken for a political saint.

* 'Pitt.' By Lord Rosebery. pp. viii., 297. 8vo. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1891.)

In his treatment of Pitt's Irish policy, Lord Rosebery displays an honourable impartiality. He justifies the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and his defence of the Act of Union is eloquent and convincing. He holds, of course, that the Union has been a failure, and that the Unionists of our own day are defending only "the petty fragment of a large policy" which its author did not live to carry out. But these are questions which lie beyond the scope of this review. We take a cordial and respectful farewell of Lord Rosebery the historian; of Lord Rosebery the politician we may speak more freely "in another place." T. R.

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

It is not surprising that as yet there exists in French no one history of the Revolution at once impartial, methodical, scientific, comprehensive, and of moderate length. But it is surprising that English historians, with their peculiar interest in political liberty, have not long ago supplied the want. This Mr. Stephens is now doing, nor is it much to be regretted that he was not anticipated by Macaulay or others, because they could only have written in a half light, the researches of the last fifteen years having multiplied at least twentyfold the materials for the work. His first volume, which appeared in 1886, was hardly likely to rout the serried host of Primers and Handbooks in this day of small things, but by French specialists it was received with a respect which must puzzle English review-skimmers, and even here it has since steadily grown in reputation. When the four volumes are complete it will take its place among the few solid, sound, standard histories which we have produced in this generation. Not that it is a brilliant work. The author has no fine crazes, views, theories, or paradoxes, and no rhetorical Niagaras at his command. As in his short 'History of Portugal,' which is the best, or rather the only one in English, his power lies in his prolonged study of the period, his familiarity with it as a whole, and in his knack of orderly presentment and sober narration. Bias and theory may be kept in the background, but the very arrangement and proportion of events may be used to insinuate party views and prejudices. Of these there is no trace, and this judicious impartiality it is which marks the line between a real history and a historical polemic.

The present volume brings us down from October, 1791, to January, 1794: to the beginning of the chain of events which culminated in the 9 Thermidor. While the salient features are adequately but not by any means minutely described, much light is thrown upon the less known and hitherto neglected points. Especially is this the case with social, economic, provincial and colonial history. On the last two subjects much of the information is entirely new and hitherto unpublished. He proves that the loss of the colonies was not the work of the Revolution, but of a previous deliberate anti-colonial policy. The diplomatic history is brief, but on the whole fairly satisfactory, though surely more might have been said on the vexed question of the declaration of war with England. The best thing in the book is the really masterly study of the government of the Committee of Public Safety. Here he clears up much that before was obscure and puzzling. He regards the guillotine, the *noyades*, the *fusillades* and other atrocities not as the wanton cruelties of a gang of cut-throats, but as a cool matured policy for overawing rebellion and disorder by exemplary punishment, all the more exemplary because it made no pretence of justice. He points out the marvellous success of this system, and to a certain extent minimizes its horror by showing how some of the most notorious of the proconsuls were only blusterers who made a great noise but shed little or no blood. Several myths and exaggerations, like the "republican marriages" at Nantes, are disposed of, and the numbers of the victims reduced to reasonable proportions. This is only fair as history, but in the sphere of morals the good old prejudiced British view, which regarded these fine doings as "diabolical crimes" and "detestable orgies," is after all the right view and the view which will last. Of all the leading characters a short personal sketch is given, enabling us to understand their attitude and motives. Throughout the work the main feature is the use made of the most recent publications, and the laborious sifting and tabulating of original authorities. This is especially prominent in the appendices, which will be found invaluable. Y. Y.

* 'History of the French Revolution.' By H. Morse Stephens. Second volume. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON.*

This collection of parallel passages makes a useful and interesting book. It is instructive to watch the modifications of a fine thought, reproduced century after century by many minds. It is an education in style to observe the various methods of authors, handling identical material; and if we were to ask anything further from this book, it would be more attention to the individualities which these parallels reveal. For example, "The all-assuming months and years" (*In Mem.* lxxxv.) is our old friend "Tempus edax rerum"; but it is quite Tennysonian to express the slow process by breaking up time into its constituent parts. Shakespere made the same thought intense and funereal by one strong word, picturing a greedy and dusky sea-bird moving heavily over its prey; he wrote, "Cormorant, devouring Time."

Mr. Collins passes the above line unnoticed. But his book traverses wide fields of literature, and presents highly interesting illustrations, especially from the classics.

Sometimes, though rarely, the resemblance is illusory. The lines, "The fatal gift of eyes That read his spirit darkly wise," do not refer to bodily organs, nor assert any error whatever. They have therefore no more connection with Plato's distrust of his senses (p. 38) than Wordsworth's ugly phrase, "Happy, happy liver," with the dura ilia messorum.

A few examples will show how well Tennyson's poems lend themselves to such a study as this. And for the sake of freshness, they shall be specimens which Mr. Collins has passed by.

In Maud "the reminiscences from other poets are very few." Here is one:

> "I know the way she went Home with her maiden posy,
> For her feet have touched the meadows And left the daisies rosy."

Ben Jonson said it better in the *Sad Shepherd*, thus:

> "The world may find the spring by following her . . .
> And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
> As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

But who, except Wordsworth, would have stolen this fancy from his sweetheart to bestow it upon Duty?

> "Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads."

Mr. Collins has scarcely observed the largeness of Tennyson's debt to the Bible. This compliment deserved success:

> "Turn your face,
> Nor look with that all-earnest eye,
> The rhymes are dazzled from their place,
> And ordered words asunder fly."

But it was borrowed from a more experienced wooer of fair dames, who said, "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me" (*Song of Sol.* vi. 5).

Mr. Collins supposes that the phrase, "the tablets of her heart," found its way into English literature from Æschylus, with whom it originated. It is in the Proverbs (iii. 3), "Write them on the table of thine heart."

Of many more, quite as close, its psychological subtlety of connection makes the following the most interesting:

> "I dare not die and come to thee, Oriana:
> I hear the roaring of the sea, Oriana."

The same agitation of nature and of man had been already linked together in St. Luke (A.V. xxi. 25), "Men's hearts failing them for fear: the sea and the waves roaring."

We return to *In Memoriam*. Mr. Collins connects the phrase, "*Confusions* of a wasted youth," with Vaughan's line, "These dark *confusions* that within me rest"; but it is found, much closer, in Luther's preface to his works, "Meos libros, seu verius, *confusiones*."

> "I trust he lives in Thee, and there
> I find him worthier to be loved.'

This is in St. Augustine, to whom the poem is frequently indebted. "He only loses none dear to him, to whom all are dear in Him, who cannot be lost" (*Confess.* iv. 19). Meantime, it had been characteristically disguised in the *Religio Medici* (35), "The habitation of angels, which if I call the ubiquitary and omnipresent essence of God, I trust

* 'Illustrations of Tennyson.' By J. C. Collins. (Chatto and Windus.)

I shall not offend." A more curious example is when the poet appeals to his friend in heaven, vaguely remembering him, "O turn thee round, resolve the doubt; My guardian angel will speak out In that high place and tell thee all." St. Augustine (*De Cura pro Mort.* xv.) had said, "Possunt et ab angelis . . . audire aliquid mortui."

The whole vivid section cxxvii., where the storm wrecks the proud, while for others all is well, should be compared with Lucretius v. 1120-30 (*cf.* especially "the fires of hell" with "quasi fulmen deïcit ictos . . . in Tartara tætra").

Lastly, there are many interesting parallels for the beautiful section which sings the "Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name For what is one."

So Dante's line, "La stella; Che'l sol uagheggia hor da coppa, hor da ciglio": "That star which views, Now obvious, and now averse, the sun."

But Dante found it in the Greek Anthology:

> "Farewell, Phaësphorus, dawn's herald ray,
> But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
> And darkling, bring back her you take away."

Above all, it exists in those noble lines of Plato, remarkably harmonising with the tone of *In Memoriam* throughout, which Shelley has beautifully modernised:

> "Thou wert the morning-star among the living
> Ere thy fair light had fled:
> Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
> New splendour to the dead."
>
> Ἀστὴρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνι ζώοισιν ἐῶος.
> Νῦν δὲ θανὼν, λάμπεις ἔσπερος ἐν φθιμένοις.

These specimens, which might be multiplied indefinitely, are enough to show the charms of the study to which Mr. Collins has contributed an admirable handbook.

G. A. CHADWICK.

PETER IBBETSON.*

There was never a more unconventional novel written, if novel we may call it. The materials for a novel are in the book, but they have been used to make something else, it is difficult to say what. It may be roughly divided into two parts, or rather there is but one part and its shadow, for childhood and the reminiscences of it make up almost the whole. The tragedy that comes between hardly counts. Peter Ibbetson grew to think the fatal blow he struck a matter of little consequence, and the reader does likewise. The opening chapters are charming. With nothing to guide us but guessing, we should say there must be a strong element of autobiography about them. They describe a happy childhood spent in Passy among gentle friends and simple pleasures. They stamp themselves on our imagination in a way few narratives of stirring excitement do. But childhood passes; and "Gogo" Pasquier becomes Peter Ibbetson when dependent on his uncle in England. He passes through Greyfriars, then fails to become an English county gentleman under his uncle's tuition, and is sent to earn his living as an architect. All this fails to interest in the way the Passy life succeeded in doing. So thought Ibbetson too, his first real holiday after years of grinding monotony being spent in the old haunts, where change and disillusion meet him at every step. A beautiful woman—why, oh, why did Mr. Du Maurier draw her features for us, and blur that fairer image on the the tablets of our fancy?—crosses his path. He discovers in her an old companion of the Passy days, of Hungarian and Irish extraction, now unhappily married to the Duke of Towers. From henceforth their lots are strangely intermingled—indeed, already they find that they have been together in the same dream. The disagreeable incident of Ibbetson's killing his uncle, who had cast reflections on his mother's honour, and Peter's consequent confinement for life, come in here. But no separation from the companionship of the beautiful duchess takes place. She is now a widow, and free to wander with him through dreamland. But first of all she teaches him how to dream. Mr. Du Maurier should not have gone into the details of the method. His readers must expect disappointment, but they will every one of them try it. The rest is—chaos. Yet their wanderings through dreamland, in which Passy is one of the important stations, is not without interest, especially when the two discover that they are descended from a common ancestor. So years pass over the head of a happy and contented convict. He learns at last mysteriously the death of his duchess, has a fit of violent madness, and is confined in a criminal lunatic asylum, where he recovers, meets his duchess again in dreamland, writes his autobiography—and dies. This is the story Mr. Du Maurier has written. It is illustrated, of course, in characteristic fashion. His hero and his heroine are distinguished by rare beauty, and they are divinely tall. It is easy to make fun of the book, especially of the second volume, but we have little inclination to. There is a gentle sympathetic air about it which will draw readers to its side.

* 'Peter Ibbetson.' Edited and illustrated by George Du Maurier. 21s. (Osgood, McIlvaine.)

DEAN BURGON.*

Dr. Goulburn has done his work well. He has written as a friend of Burgon, and as one who sympathises with his view of inspiration. He regards Burgon, indeed, as "in this country the leading religious teacher of his time, who brought all the resources of genius and profound theological learning to rebut the encroachments of rationalism by maintaining inviolate the integrity of the written Word as the Church has received it." But he does not lay claim to any special knowledge of Biblical criticism—higher or lower—and the reader will not find here an intelligent appreciation of Burgon's merits and demerits as a writer. His character Dean Goulburn does full justice to, while condemning his recklessness in speech, and admitting his complete incapacity to lead men.

Burgon's great gifts were individuality and industry. His mother was a native of Smyrna, and his early life was spent in business. He went late to the University, taking some reputation with him, and never learned to suppress himself. In his own family circle he was devotedly affectionate; he was an innocent and respectable flirt to the last; give him his own way, and he was an ideal parish priest. He had a keen eye for picturesque details, and could write graphic prose. Two lines of his verses at least are poetry, though it has been doubted whether they are original. On the other hand, he was domineering, vain, and vulgar. It is truly astonishing that Dean Goulburn should have passed the letter in which Burgon instructs a young lady how to teach a Bible class; but it is a useful key to the character of the man. That he was domineering and vain is admitted by his biographer. His literary work is marred by these qualities. It has individuality, but not distinction.

His industry was prodigious, and though not in any exact sense a scholar, he accumulated vast stores of information. He missed his first class; it is significant that he could not trust himself to put the accents on Greek words. Though the most vehement opponent of Westcott and Hort's theory, it is not too much to say that he never understood the foundation on which it rests. Dr. Hort's review of his work on the last verses of Mark was too contemptuously brief and dogmatic; of its essential justice there can be little doubt. He was, in a sense, successful in his attack on the Revised New Testament (an attack warmly approved of by Mr. Gladstone), but this success threw more light on the intelligence of the English public than on that of the Revisers. His forthcoming contributions to Textual Criticism will be looked for with interest, but the name of the editor does not promise well. His biographies, highly interesting and valuable as they are, cannot be accepted as authorities. They need to be tested at every point, for Dean Burgon was constitutionally incapable of representing fairly the views of any one whom he differed from.

It is curious that his efforts were mainly spent, not in meeting the higher criticism, which admittedly affects the doctrine of verbal inspiration, but that criticism which is concerned only with manuscripts, and in no way impugns the historicity of the originals. He had no real knowledge of the other subject. Whether he had any share in the *Quarterly* article on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, so effectively exposed by Bishop Perowne, is not mentioned.

The best that can be said of Burgon as a scholar is that he in some respects recalls Lagarde, who knew and admired him. As a man he had at least the saving virtues of courage, sincerity, and unselfishness.

☞

* 'John William Burgon, Late Dean of Chichester. A Biography, with extracts from his Letters and Early Journals.' By E. M. Goulburn, D.D., D.C.L. Two volumes. (John Murray.)

THE SMETHAM LETTERS.*

A large circle of Mr. Smetham's admirers will be glad to receive this book of Letters, so ably edited by Mrs. Smetham and Mr. William Davies; but it cannot fail to interest a still larger circle of readers, to whom his name is as yet unknown. They are letters that only a painter could write, but which many besides painters will welcome. They are word-pictures of things and people, past and present, marked by the trained sensibility of an artist's eye, and the light touch of an artist's hand. They are full of wit and wisdom —wit which sometimes escapes into frolic—but underlying all are the deep religious convictions which never forsook him, but sustained him through the cloud that darkened his later days.

It is twelve years since James Smetham, sketch-book in hand, ceased to haunt the lanes of Stoke Newington. His tall, slender figure, and sauntering, uncertain pace, made him noticeable anywhere in our busy streets, but a glance at the finely-moulded features would have brought the question, "Who is it?" to any stranger's lips. Once, in company with a friend as out-of-the-world-looking as himself, they drew up before a lamp-post to illustrate with a sketch on its pedestal a description of one of Holman Hunt's pictures. The police have grown wiser since the days when they mistook Coleridge for a pickpocket, and sagaciously left the pair alone.

We shall have no more such letters. That most pleasing form of literature will be a thing of the past in the next generation. Neither Cowper nor Lamb ever dreamed that their letters would be printed, neither assuredly did James Smetham; in that lies much of their charm. But they will no longer be written. The penny post and the telegraph wire take their place on the one hand, the daily journal on the other. If Mr. Smetham had been employed as a journalist, his friends must have gone without his "ventilators," as he called them. He would not—perhaps he could not—coin his musings into cash; yet the man who wrote the articles in the *London Quarterly* could have done something in literature if he had not preferred the informal jotting down of his thoughts for his friends alone. "The ideal of a letter," he says, "is that it should do on paper just what you do after the little party is over, when you poke the fire, and spread the screen, and mix—well, at any rate, there must be the sly cigar, and you open your heart without fear of being misunderstood; when you talk of *your*self, and listen, with more eagerness, for a corresponding voice from *them*selves; . . . when . . . you feel that the 'penates' of the heart have been passing to and fro between their secret chambers, as the angels passed and repassed on the ladder of Jacob, each with a soft forefinger on his lip." Yet some people think differently about these "mystic rites of friendship," for Smetham presently quotes from one of Mr. Ruskin's letters to him: "I never wrote a private letter to any human being which I would not let a bill-sticker chalk up six feet high on Hyde Park wall, and stand myself in Piccadilly and say—I said it." It would take Mr. Ruskin himself to reconcile this with the angel whose "soft forefinger is on his lip."

From letters we pass to books. What lover of books will not enjoy this: "An old book, frail as it seems, is an *awful* thing. It preserves its personal identity. Paper is more unchangeable than stone; . . . drifting sands and changing earth-mounds, and crumbling stones, have really altered the very *being* of scenery. Nothing remains but the latitude and longitude. The eye walks the enclosures of an old book as patiently as the feet traverse meadow and wilderness, yet it remains for traveller after traveller to wander in. At a cunning corner of the road, at the same page, top or bottom, lies lurking the witty sentence that relaxes every traveller's face into a smile, or the pathetic lines that unlock the fountain of tears; and in years to come the traveller's eyes that come that way will 'weep there.'"

The friend and correspondent of such men as Ruskin and Rossetti must have been worth such friendship, while his art, though little known outside, was what they could speak of as "very wonderful and beautiful." But he was many-sided, and could pour forth from a full mind a stream of fresh and often brilliant thought upon topics varied as the day, as readers of this delightful book will find. M. S.

* 'Letters of James Smetham.' 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

(BY ONE WHO TEACHES IT.)

There is no subject which is more gravely exercising the minds of teachers, both in the Schools and the Universities of England, than the advisability of teaching English Literature, and, assuming it to be advisable, the best method of teaching to be adopted. It seems to us a sad misfortune that the controversy on this subject should be carried on with so much bitterness on both sides, and that even Mr. Churton Collins cannot escape a touch of rancour in the scoldings which he administers to the Universities for their preference of philology to literature. Surely, if the Universities are suffering under a delusion, abuse is not likely to be the best paregoric, and, after all, the Universities would be more than human if they thought that the outside world knew more about education than themselves. Should we expect the College of Surgeons modestly to accept the current newspaper doctrines on surgery? Should we be surprised if the Royal College of Music refused to be dictated to from outside on the teaching of music? Just as these institutions are specialists in their own lines, so the Universities are specialists in education; they, by the experience of centuries, have acquired a claim to speak on educational matters, which it is at once foolish and vulgar to deride. And to say that the Universities are blind to modern wants, that they are indifferent to literature, etc., is not to confute them, but to misunderstand their case. It is as if one was to say that Mill was indifferent to drunkenness because he said it could not be suppressed by the State. To deny that a knowledge of English Literature is an important element in an Englishman's culture would be foolish; to deny that such knowledge can be imparted during a University course is debatable enough, but perfectly consistent with sanity. So sane is it, indeed, that Mr. Churton Collins obviously feels throughout this clever and, on the whole, temperate little *brochure*, that the *onus probandi* lies on him. Mr. Collins is wise enough to perceive that any reproaches hurled at the Universities can be met by the obvious replies that it is absurd to elect Professors in Literature until you have a School in Literature; that the Cambridge experiment is a failure; that the Civil Service Examiners are backing out of English Literature as an impossible subject; and that its teaching hitherto has always led either to cram, pedantry, or dilettanteism. Taste and sympathy, as Professor Freeman puts it, are not to be acquired by examination. Mr. Collins' reply to all this is that all these deplorable facts are due to precisely what he complains of—the want of any recognition or systematisation of English Literature as a study, and hence to the bad books and bad teachers that are sent forth with the University stamp upon them. His argument virtually is: "Teaching in English Literature has become indispensable —the University Extension and the Local Examinations encourage it; let the Universities recognise their duty by organising and directing it."

Now, when the argument is put forward in this reasonable form, it becomes the duty of the Universities to consider the matter seriously. As national institutions, they are called to perform a national duty. Every school and town who look to the Universities for teachers in English Literature may well join Mr. Churton Collins in his demand that the Universities should in some way guarantee the goodness of those teachers. If the Universities refuse, let them be honest, and cease to supply them.

"But how?" asks "Congregation," "how teach the unteachable?"

Mr. Collins' answer is: "You already teach Greek and Latin Literature; add your English on to that, and teach it as a proper sequence."

But for the details of Mr. Churton Collins' recommendations on this part of the subject, and the specimen examination papers which he submits, we must refer our readers to the book itself. His recommendations are very clever, but he seems to over-rate the amount of genius there is in the world.

The real question which faces every one who has had to

* 'The Study of English Literature. A Plea for its Recognition and Organisation at the Universities.' By John Churton Collins. (Macmillan and Co).

do with the teaching of English literature is whether it is not better taught indirectly than directly. Milton obtained his mastery of English verse by long years' study of the classics; Tennyson (as Mr. Churton Collins has been carefully showing us) became a great poet by immersing himself in the poetry of other times and nations; while, if we would go to more humble examples, it is always found in public schools that the "classical" boys know more English literature than the modern boys; it is always found at the Universities that the students of English history care less for English literature than the students of ancient history and philosophy. In other words, with the greatest love of English literature, we think that an English Literature School at Oxford would do little to encourage it. It would merely increase that dilettantism which is already the curse of the Oxford intellect. P. M. G.

SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM.*

Mr. Kennan's pictures of Siberia in the *Century Magazine* are well-known in every civilised country, except perhaps Russia. But in these two volumes they can be seen in continuity and in all their full strength. Not that we hunger after this particular kind of sensation, after reading any one single chapter. There is only too much of it, alas.

Mr. Kennan went to Russia, as everyone knows, an avowed defender of the government, and he was not very quick to change his mind. There is something almost amusing in his obstinate search after violent, fanatical, anarchichal, political exiles, thinking those he had seen last must have been exceptional, and that next time he would meet with the really dangerous ones. But it is not by any means only with political exiles he deals. They are after all, only about one per cent. of the whole, and his pictures of the forwarding prisons in Tueman and Tomsk, for instance, contain no reference to these at all. Of the horrors and the cruelty described, it is useless to speak at second-hand. They are in this book set down, and crave to be contradicted, if they can, for the sake of humanity.

But Mr. Kennan, as a trustworthy witness, remains unimpeached. Contradictions there have been, but he has supported his own point of view, by appeal to government statistics and reports.

It is not, however, the tragic side only that he paints. The most effective pages are, perhaps, those where he shows the utter futulity, the criminal silliness of the whole system. The intelligence that permits the works of Darwin and prohibits those of Adam Smith in a local library is typical. One exile suggested that the list of prohibited books was made up by putting together, without examination, the title of all books found by the police in the quarters of persons arrested for political offences! The story of the official who was so ready to sign anything that he attached his name to the Lord's Prayer, which a waggish subordinate but under his nose, may be apocryphal, but it indicates the temper of a large class into whose very fibres officialdom has grown. There is a certain grim humour in a large part of the story. So M. Borodin, the journalist, must have thought when, sitting in his convict's dress in Eastern Siberia, he read in the 'Annals of the Fatherland,' with the imprimatur of the St. Petersburg committee of censorship, the very article he had written, and been banished for possessing a spare copy of, three months before.

Mr. Kennan has not merely written a record of horrors and blunders. He was an open-minded traveller, who not only wished to see all there was to see, but who was forced, from motives of policy, to make investigations in as many directions as possible to keep officials off the scent of his real intentions and opinions. He has, therefore, a great deal to tell by the way of sights and characters and landscapes, and his pen is powerful enough to make these a real relief to an otherwise dark story. It seems almost incredible that he saw all he did without hindrance. His native tact must have been strained to its utmost at times. His regular plan was, on arriving anywhere, to call without delay on the chief of police in evening dress, overwhelm him with information about himself and his friend, their destination, intentions, and their biography, drink vodka with him, and do everything to make them "solid with the administration."

Mr. Kennan is, of course, accused of exaggeration, of having seen things in a morbid light, of having "etherealised" Nihilist women beyond recognition, and of making heroes of all the exiles. That does not seem to describe either his method or his temperament, and Russian apologists for the system he condemns cannot explain away all his case, any part of which is a terrible accusation. Read his story as we may, he has with evident sincerity—and at what cost of physical energy and mental distress this book bears witness—flashed a great search light on the Siberian question. Mr. Kennan thinks it is doomed, but he has been there, and is on that account not over-sanguine, and says it has life in it for many years yet.

* 'Siberia and the Exile System.' By George Kennan. (Osgood.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI.*

In the Church of Santa Croce at Florence there stands a monument which bears the inscription,

"Tanto nomini nullum par elogium
Nicolaus Machiavelli."

The inscription is worthy of the subtlety of its subject. That the name of Machiavelli is great all agree. But scarcely two admirers would agree, if asked to define the qualities constituting his greatness. This monument, for example, was largely due to the admiration cherished by the third Earl Cowper for the Florentine politician; another Englishman expresses the popular idea that in unscrupulousness, if not in cleverness, he matched the Devil himself:

"Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Tho' he gave his name to our old Nick."

Professor Villari, while he criticises Macaulay's judgment, passes over with too lenient a hand some of the darkest blots in the character of Machiavelli. And probably, on the whole, the impartial and well-balanced statement of Mr. Symonds will approve itself as nearer the truth than any other deliverance on the subject. But Professor Villari's life of this ethical sphinx must remain the classical and authoritative work. It is, indeed, needlessly weighted with an unduly prolonged account of the Renaissance; but in all that relates to Machiavelli—his writings, his private life, his political missions, his exile, his aims, the character of his genius—we have a storehouse of ascertained facts.

Born in 1469, in a family of small land-owners some miles from Florence, he received an excellent education in the Latin writers. In 1498 he entered the service of the republic as secretary to the Signoria, and in this capacity was sent on many important missions, which developed his gift of practical statesmanship, and gave him insight into men and affairs. When the Medici became dominant in Florence in 1512, he was stripped of his offices and banished. On the expulsion of the ruling family in 1527 he returned, but being suspected of time-serving he never regained the confidence of the citizens, and very shortly died a disappointed man.

To the enforced retirement from public life, which he so bitterly resented, the world owes the 'Discourses' and 'The Prince.' These writings represent in a remarkable manner the deliverance from the past and the entrance on an entirely new world of ideas and methods, which have justly won for this period the accurate title, the Renaissance. Even in the language of Machiavelli we feel the pulse of a new life. The formalism and pedantry of the middle ages are gone, and in their place have suddenly sprung up the pliability and directness and power which in Calvin produced a modern French and in Luther a new German. His comedies, cynical and disagreeable as they are, yet reveal the genuine artist, and prove that in this unsuccessful statesman the world has lost a great dramatist. The greatness of his political writings consists in their profound insight into general principles combined with the clearest perception of what the times practically required. While Italy was broken up into small states, everlastingly quarrelling with and weakening one another, Machiavelli demands the unification of Italy and boldly denounces the Church of

* 'The Life and Times of Niccolo Machiavelli.' By Professor Pasquale Villari. Translated by Madame Linda Villari. A new edition. 2 vols. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Rome as the influence which chiefly retarded this desirable achievement. The blot on these great works, as every one knows, is their bare-faced advocacy of fraud: "Although of its nature fraud is always detestable, yet its use may sometimes be necessary, and even, as in warfare, glorious. In fact, he who overcomes his enemies by fraud is no less extolled than he who overcomes them by force." Such a statement, being little else than a transcript of what is actually exemplified in the conflict of states, could hardly be objected to, but the frequency with which unscrupulousness is urged and, above all, the reflected light thrown upon such statements by the cold cynicism of the writer himself leave an unfavourable impression.

It should be added that these volumes are as handsome as any which have issued from the Gresham Press, and more need not be said. Some of the many illustrations, as, for example, the reproduction of a likeness of Cosimo dei Medici, or the bust of Machiavelli himself, are worth the price of the book. M. D.

COMTE'S CALENDAR OF GREAT MEN.*

Amongst English positivists this book has been looked for with eagerness for the last few years. It has to them a special significance which it may be hard for outsiders altogether to grasp. But yet it is not specially addressed to them, and it hopes to find a public outside the precincts of Newton Hall. It must be somewhat a puzzling book to those who have never before examined Comte's Calendar, and Mr. Harrison very wisely devotes a considerable part of the preface to describing what this biograpihcal version is not. The Calendar of 558 great men whose lives were illustrative of the progress of humanity—"a concrete view of man's preparatory history," Comte called it himself—is a remarkable document. Positivists are always quick to anticipate criticism of its contents or omissions by telling us it was only provisional, only for the present century, not framed on any exclusive principle, and so on. Of course it was provisional, otherwise a standing committee would have had to be appointed to revise it once a year or so. But they do not frankly say what surely is the last word in the matter: that it was a register of personal and national sympathies, framed by a man of exceptionally wide mental range, it is true, but who had nevertheless a strong personal note in whatever he did or said. It is in this that its real interest consists. But they contend still for its strictly representative character, and will, actively, at least, dispute the place to none of those who have been admitted into its niches.

It is an interesting task to go through the Calendar to find who is in it and who is not, for to say that the list is Comte's personal selection is to say that it is unconventional, and within the limits of a comparatively small volume it has sometimes been found impossible to find space to explain why the subjects of the biographies find any room at all. But it has been possible to admit at least a fair number of really able and interesting articles, those on Æschylus, Aristotle, Dante, on Modern History, and on Frederic II., to pick out only a very few instances. Some of Mr. Harrison's contributions are full of verve and sprightliness, and indeed within narrow space it would have been difficult to give more living pictures and judgments of Corneille or of Froissart than he has done. There is no attempt at propaganda, and indeed the aim of the book is hardly enough obtruded. Perhaps it is in Dr. Bridges' articles that the main object of the Calendar is most clearly and steadily kept in view, and some of his introductory articles and biographies of ancient philosophers and modern scientists are admirable studies in the history of human evolution. There is some indifferent work in the book, and every reader will find abundant material for dissent, for a book that attempts to sum up the human value of 558 lives lends itself peculiarly to criticism; but on the whole the plan has been conscientiously carried out. It will not, as the editor warns us, take the place of an exhaustive biographical dictionary, but the continuity of its purpose and the literary ability of its more important parts makes of it an eminently readable book.

* 'The New Calendar of Great Men.' Ed. by Frederic Harrison. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

THE EARLIEST KNOWN JOURNAL OF THE WEATHER—1337-1344.*

William Merle was an Oxford man, a Fellow of Merton, and Rector of Driby, a little village in Lincolnshire between Lincoln and the sea. This is all that is known of him at present. The editor guesses from the name that he may have been of French extraction, but this is very doubtful; there were Merles living in Kent and in Lincolnshire at the time he wrote his diary, with either or with both of these he may have counted cousinship.

What motives could have moved this country parson five hundred years ago to set to work to keep a weather record we can but guess—we shall never know, for all biographical details as to this man of science have perished long ago, if, indeed, any one ever thought them worthy of putting on record.

We are in the habit of believing that anything approaching scientific observation of the weather is but a thing of yesterday, that our forefathers, when they thought of such things at all, believed that sunshine and showers came by chance, or were ruled by the moon, except at those times when a comet came and with his fiery tail threw all things out of order. Merle must have held more rational views, or he would never for seven long years have jotted down week by week what the weather had been with the careful accuracy of a modern observer. The wonder, however, does not end here. We can imagine reasons why a person of those days should amuse himself by keeping a journal of the weather, but it is passing strange to find that his record is almost absolutely free from superstition and folk-lore. That a document of this kind should ever have existed is passing strange, but it is not much less wonderful that, having been written, it should have survived all the changes and chances of the intervening years.

The history of the manuscript is soon told. It is a small folio, written in Latin on vellum, made up of various tracts which were collected and bound together by William Reed, Bishop of Chichester, who filled that see from 1369 to 1386. From that time we know nothing of it until the seventeenth century, when it was the property of Sir Kenelm Digby, who in his wild way was an ardent student of many branches of physical science. The greater part of Sir Kenelm's books happily passed into the Bodleian library. This tract of Merle's was among them. There it has remained well-nigh unnoticed for upwards of two centuries. In 1685, Dr. Plot, the historian of Oxfordshire, mentioned it in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and very recently it has been examined by the Rev. W. D. Macray, who realised its value. We owe, however, its publication to Dr. Hellmann, of Berlin, who, coming on Plot's notice of it, drew the attention of meteorologists to the existence of what is almost certainly the oldest weather-diary in existence. It has now been reproduced in a way which leaves nothing to be desired. The original papers are given in photographic fac-simile, accompanied by an excellent English version by Miss Parker.

The interest of a book of this kind consists not so much in this or that passage, which might be quoted as in its continuity over a space of time sufficiently long for those learned in weather-law to be able to make from it generalisations which shall be pretty free from error. As far as we can judge, the climate was five centuries ago much as it is now. We should have expected to have found many more days of rain than is here recorded. It is generally thought that when marshes were undrained and forests unfilled, the rain-bearing clouds of the Atlantic were arrested on their eastward journey more fully than they are at present. From Merle's notes it would seem that this may be an error. It may be of interest to point out that in 1343 the diarist so far strays from the matter had in hand as to mention an earthquake which occurred on March 28th. It was evidently like the one felt in Yorkshire and the northern part of Lincolnshire on 18th of June, 1885, of very local character, for he records that, though felt in Lindsey, it did not reach Oxford.

E. PEACOCK.

* 'The Earliest Known Journal of the Weather—1337-1344.' Consideraciones Temperiel, Pro 7 Annis, per Willelmum Merle, Edited by J. G. Symons, F.R.S. (London: Stanford.)

JASMIN.*

Dr. Smiles has been faithful to the tradition or system that has gained him a well-deserved popularity. It is the barber and the philanthropist as much as the poet that are set forth in this biography of Jasmin. Pluck, struggle, enterprise, or early disadvantage, are sure passports to the favour of Dr. Smiles. The other qualities and talents count after these. It is, therefore, perhaps, as an unmistakable mark of interest and approval that Rousseau, Molière, and Béranger, are here classed under the otherwise unaccountable name of "uneducated poets." We do not quarrel with what is offered us in this volume, where Jasmin's career is faithfully dealt with. But the book serves to show a gap in our literary appreciation, inasmuch as, except for some few scattered papers in forgotten periodical literature, as a man of letters pure and simple he has been in this country overlooked and forgotten. And yet he should not need his triple distinction to command our attention. He was a poet of a very remarkable capacity, who has been wronged in his own country by being called names, all of them meant to be complimentary, but none of them really descriptive—"The Last of the Troubadours," a name that called forth his own derision—"the Burns of Gascony," "the Béranger of the South," "the St. Vincent de Paul of poetry." With one side of Béranger's genius he had indeed affinities, but all the epithets are misleading. Some one even likened him to Dante, though this extravagance had probably reference to linguistic, not poetical achievement. The legends of his country, the face of nature, the simpler feelings of the human heart, were his field. He was not speculative, not at all modern; indeed, his most modern poem proves this, for his last effort was a counterblast to M. Renan. But neither was he conventional. He had an unerring ear for melody and sonorous diction of a dignified kind, and a true artistic intelligence, which probably accounted as much as did his sturdy obstinacy of character, in making him stick to his *patois* as a richer, subtler vehicle of expression, in spite of much influential but mistaken persuasion to write in French; in making him also stick to his shaving even after he was Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, and what not besides, instead of joining his brother poets in Paris. His firm, stalwart character had none of the rigidity and austerity that probably would have been its accompaniment farther north. To the applause and flattery that greeted him everywhere, he responded heartily, and he believed himself worthy of it, all of which served only to spoil him the less. If vanity and ignorance inspired his words that France had but four great poets—Corneille, La Fontaine, Béranger, and himself—they at least showed a charming absence of affectation. And he was not so far out. Within his own limits he was a great poet, as Longfellow's on the whole faithful rendering of his "Blind Girl of Castel Cuille" revealed to us long ago. And the translations in this volume, not all of them very happy, but modestly apologised for, even serve as a further proof. The man whom Lamartine called brother, and Sainte-Beuve crowned with laurels, was not the mere wonder of a day. "Il rasait bien; il chantait mieux," said Sainte-Beuve, and the words sum up a very remarkable personality.

THE STORY OF A PUPPET.†

Children are at once so independent and so conservative in their literary judgments, that we hesitate before recommending books to them that are not sanctified by custom and tradition. We think we might possibly be safe in this case, and if they would take our advice only for this once, they might spend even a merrier Christmas than otherwise, enlivened by the waggeries and the sprightly naughtiness of Pinocchio. But knowing the critical cast of their minds, we don't press the point. It is with their elders we have to deal, and with them we are on more certain ground. Children seeking gifts, therefore, for their sober-minded elders might do worse than choose this 'Story of a Puppet.' Pinocchio is the most fascinating creature we have met with for a long time. He has a very distinct personality, and most winning manners even in his depraved moments. But his greatest charm is a certain inexhaustible vitality. With his open-mindedness, curiosity, and scorn for the prosaic round of ordinary life, of course he is bound to have many adventures. Which of them excite us most is difficult to say. Our blood curdles at the assassins' terrible chase; it is warmed by Pinocchio's noble attitude towards Harlequin, before the Fire-eater's sneeze betokens the coming on of a milder mood. We confess to have started with him in full confidence and high spirits for the Land of Boobies, and when the awful consequences of his folly were revealed to us, we instinctively put our hands to our own ears to feel if they too had grown. The Fairy with the blue hair is charming, when she is herself. She is less agreeable in her other impersonations. But here we can only hint at one or two of the incidents and vicissitudes in this remarkable career, though we must not omit a reference to what is the real attraction to us elders—the clear, straightforward, and aboveboard character of the morals. There is never any doubt about them, and in this the story is helped out by the illustrations, which are charming. The rabbits, black as ink, standing with the little bier, as a pointed warning, till the rebellious puppet swallows his medicine; the visible lengthening of the nose with the growth of a habit of untruthfulness, are admirable. We have no reservations to make about this little work. The translator's part has been skilfully carried out, and never for a moment hinders us from recognising that the story of Pinocchio is a work of genius.

* 'Jasmin: Barber, Poet, Philanthropist.' By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. 6s. (John Murray.)

† 'The Story of a Puppet.' By C. Collodi. Translated by M. A. Murray. 2s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

AT THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

DIARY OF A READER.

Dec. 5th.—I have spent a great deal of time at different periods trying to convince the librarian that I am a serious-minded person. Quite in vain, evidently. When left to his own devices, as he sometimes is, he invariably does what he did this week—sends me a bundle of fiction, unmixed, unrelieved. I don't like to take my fiction so, but I shall expostulate next week.

Bret Harte's two thin volumes of 'A First Family of Tasajara' have mildly excited me. But surely he has no longer the grip he used to have over one. How 'Lige Curtis lost his chance of wealth, by giving up his wretched plot the ver night when good fortune was coming his way, how he made another career for himself elsewhere, while he was thought by everyone to be dead, and his strange love story—all that reads like Bret Harte, no doubt, but I have an uncomo rtable feeling about some of the rest of the characters that they have stepped out of Mr. Howell's pages, Clemmie and John Milton especially.

I expected something more than usually sprightly from the title, 'The Love Letters of a Worldly Woman,' by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. It is a clever book, but it is disappointing. In the first place there are the letters of three women, and I don't quite know which is the worldly one. Perhaps that doesn't matter. They all write very long letters, and set their affections on men who are unworthy of them, or who cannot understand what they are driving at when they quote Browning and Mazzini, which I have an impression they all do. It is the woman's point of view that is given here, and no mistake. The men's letters "put in" are poor things. Is this quite fair?

'Cut with His own Diamond,' by Paul Cushing, is a novel with a style and a plot. There is too much of both. The former accounts for a mild flavour of Meredith which hangs about the book, and causes the characters to speak in ellip

tical fashion, as if they were gasping for breath. And so they well may, for they have no lack of excitement. There are plots within plots, schemes within schemes. But my only real quarrel with Mr. Cushing, at the end of a good novel, is, that he lets his sneaking fondness for the villain Tuer get the better of him at last. There are so few novelists that show any judgment or discretion about their own creations.

Dec. 15th.—Mr. Traill's 'Lord Salisbury' and Lord Rosebery's 'Pitt' came with this week's batch. It was a relief, after a surfeit of novels, to come back to a world of fact and newspapers. Lord Rosebery's is not a very weighty book. Its publication is not a historical event; but, to do it justice, it contains a good portrait of Pitt. The other does not attempt a portrait at all, and no wonder. Statesmen can't give this kind of sitting until they are dead. But it is well-written, and accurate. Mr. Du Maurier's novel was in the batch, too. I can't make head or tail of the second volume, though for the last three nights I have adopted the attitude prescribed for successful dreaming; but the pictures have delighted me, especially an entrancing one of gondolas in Piccadilly.

Other two novels were 'Dr. Dumany's Wife' and 'Mr. Batter's Pedigree.' The former, by Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, is a clever story, with a well put together plot, which it is a pity to spoil by divulging. It has a verve and a sparkle that carried me on without a break in the interest till the last page. 'Mr. Batter's Pedigree' is a very different affair. In the first place the pedigree is of very little account. On a thin thread of conventional romance hangs what is the real merit of the book—the fresh impressions and adventures of a young Englishman in the West of America. The bear and "coon" stories, and that other one of the lizard that stuck to the Chinaman's arm even in death, are of the "tallest" description. It is an amusing book, but why is it wronged by being made part of a series called "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour"? The series started too, if I remember, with a volume of essays by Andrew Lang!

As I take kindly to the "road," I opened the 'Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman-Gipsy' with some eagerness. I was not doomed to disappointment so far as amusement goes. Dr. Gordon Stables is the "Gentleman-Gipsy," and he never for a moment sinks the former part of this compound in the latter. He travels through England with an elaborate establishment on wheels, in comparison with which housekeeping at home must seem simple. His drawing-room, of which he is good enough to give us a picture, might be the sanctum of a maiden aunt who had recently made purchases in Tottenham Court-road. But, perhaps, the gem of the whole book is the conversation of the "gentleman-gipsy" with an irate farmer, whose way was blocked in a narrow lane by the mansion on wheels. The social status of the wanderer is explained with great detail and gravity, which seems however to have had marvellously little effect on the irreverent rustic, who only gives way because of the superior strength of his enemy. It is, doubtless, good for the health of such gentlemen as Dr. Stables, to journey through green lanes on wheels; but they are not of the elect among "wanderers," and know not the first note of the "Song of the Open Road."

Dec. 19th.—Here is a thoroughly cheerful novel in one volume. It is called 'His Angel.' Seeing that it contains murder and lynch law, and robbery and blackmailing, I have been wondering how the cheerful effect was produced and maintained, and have come to the conclusion that the melancholy doctrine of heredity is at the bottom of half the low spirits in novels. Now Mr. Herman, who writes 'His Angel,' has no belief in it at all. He ignores it in the most delightful way. The hero is a paragon of virtue, of courage, and of intellectual promise. The heroine is—well, she is the "angel." Yet his father was the blackest scoundrel in the "Wild West," a jail-bird who died in delirium tremens; while hers was also a murderer and a thief who was lynched for his outrageous misdeeds. But the next generation took no harm, and that is very comfortable.

It is a far cry from the Wild West to the scenes of Mrs. Walford's 'Pinch of Experience,' and I took the flight with some effort. The "pinch" is experienced by a conventional young English girl removed for a time from the smooth comforts of the "Hall" to the sordid shabbiness of a vulgar and pretentious London family. It looks as if the writer suspected herself of some snobbery in making so few virtues grow on the vulgar soil, and as if it were in compensation for this that Rhoda's aristocratic cousins are made, towards the end, to plot, though unsuccessfully, still greater harm towards her.

Two books of travel came with this batch, Mr. Morley Roberts' 'Land Travel and Seafaring,' and his brother's 'Adrift in America.' Mr. Roberts the elder is something of a novelist and a poet, and his experiences of life in Australia are effectively told. 'Adrift' is a simpler work, less literary, but perhaps more racy, and is full of capital stories.

A bundle of American tales, called 'Otto the Knight,' has delighted me. The first is not a tale of ancient chivalry as the name would suggest, but never was knight of old more filled with the sense of his mission than this little American lad who puts into practice the anarchist doctrines instilled into him. The old woman who would not have her mistress "romancin round her kitchen," and the other one who had to be bribed by promises of funeral splendours before she would die with decent resignation, are delightful company.

Somewhat cloyed with all this modern stuff, however, it was a great refreshment to set out for the world of pure romance to be found in William Morris's newest romance, 'The Glittering Plain.' Hallblithe's uncouth name is the worst of him. He is a fascinating hero, and now that the bliss of the 'Glittering Plain' has entered into my soul, I shall ask for nought but leave to abide here and be happy—till the next batch comes from Mudie's.

During the week I have been looking into Von Moltke's letters to his mother and brothers. It is an excellent supplement to the more military Moltke literature that has been published of late, and gives some pleasant glimpses into the life of a remarkable family. Hans Andersen's 'Correspondence' is a little disappointing. Most of the letters given are stiff and even stilted, but then they were written to a Grand Duke. Gosse's 'Gossip in a Library' I have picked up at odd moments. It is pleasant to have your serious reading done for you in this light and easy way.

A fresh edition of Mr. Grant Allen's essays on 'Falling in Love,' hailed in some quarters, I see, as a new book, shows that versatile writer at his best. His touch is light, even when his aim is serious, and he has a chance of keeping company with science, his first and only true love, which is denied him in the sensational fiction it is his hard lot to be doomed to manufacture. 'Wicksteed's Lectures on Ibsen' have tried to woo me, by reason and gentle persuasion, to the sacred cult, and have been so far successful as to convince me that Ibsen has something to say even to those who flee at the mention of 'Nora' or 'Hedda Gabler.'

At the library my name is down for Mr. Hardy's 'Tess,' 'The Blue Pavilions,' by Q., Kennan's 'Siberia,' Mrs. Wood's 'Esther Vanhomrigh' (I am behind all the rest of the world in not having seen it), 'In Sundry Places,' a clever novel by the late Miss Benson, that has not yet come into my hands, 'The Smetham Letters,' Arnold's 'Japonica,' and Mr. Henry Norman's 'Real Japan.'

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN.

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be sent.

ANNIE.—Your description of the Man in the Moon is the best part of the story. The moral is too obtrusive. Your good fairies are benevolent schoolmistresses. You use a good many Scotticisms, and the spelling is weak. It is quite worth your while attempting something better than this.

ALISI.—Harold is the most lugubrious lover we have met with in fiction, *vide* p. 10. Read over the conversation on pp. 6 and 7, and you will probably agree that it is poor and dull. You use the expression "mentioned at the beginning of our story" after you have only written a few sentences. Moralising like that on p. 5 is intolerable. You might try your hand at some other kind of writing. You don't seem to have a gift for story telling.

ASPINAL.—The verses are bad, but they are amusing. For the sake of practice you might trim them into better form. You show a lamentable inexactitude as to the different phases and epochs of the interesting suburban Paradise you describe.

S. BEEHAM.—Fairly good. Line 12 halts, and line 5 is harsh. "Chaste submission's leave," with the context, makes the meaning hard to find.

X. Y. Z. K. BROWN.—You say G. K. was no better and no worse than other men. It is a bad sign for anyone who means to be a story teller not to be more discriminating in character. A Swiss mountain girl would not speak of "great clever England." Your mountain is too ready with its avalanches. It seems to have one ready for every purpose. There are various grammatical faults in your story, and an inadmissible change of persons on p. 6. Be sparing of italics. By "kind hearted" you mean "soft hearted."

B.—A somewhat common-place little tale. "Denseness" is not the extreme of "single-mindedness." A true "conception of the spirit of folk-lore poem" is not a very happy description of your heroine. "Get to terms" should be "come to terms" Many of your phrases are loose and awkward. You probably only want more practice.

D. M. B.—Above the average. 'After Death' is very musical. The strongest and most original is the one on the inspiration of the city, though it is not very perfect in form, *vide* stanzas 5 and 6. The others are inferior.

J. B.—Your verses are better than the last, but they are not very good. Verse 1, line 2 is unintelligible. "Moved by disease" is not a pretty way of saying "removed by death." In verse 3 the mistake must be obvious to yourself. Your rhymes are often irregular. The last stanza is trite and should be omitted, and the title might be altered.

CAFE NOIR.—A very amusing story. You might add one or two more incidents from your book-club troubles, and we should advise you to read it carefully again. It might be better written in parts. You could then offer it to a magazine, but don't lay in disappointment for yourself by sending it in very ambitious directions.

CLYMENUS.—'Omniverous Ocean' is not very good. The last line does not scan. Avoid such failures of rhyme as "rove" and "above."

E. DON.—Your verses are stilted and artificial, not in feeling, but in expression. Imitations of Spenser are all very well, but if they make you write "elms of eld," and "aye was casten low," etc., etc., you had better give over imitating. "He lifted up his hands and stayéd so," is a very uncomfortable picture. We have no wish to discourage your verse-making. What you send is not without some promise.

AYRON DOON.—The verses on 'Friendship' are poetical, but as you begin with a regular metre, it would be well to continue it. In 'Which?' verse 3 wants re-writing, and the whole poem is faulty. In No. 4 the last verse is commonplace and unnecessary. In view of the circumstances you mention we should strongly urge your sticking to fiction, for which you have evidently some talent. Your verses are certainly not without merit, but any editor has always more than he wants quite as good.

GILBERT EADIE.—A thoughtful paper, but if we have rightly guessed its subject you have strayed from it rather far towards the end. Your style is pedantic, and the title of the essay too high-sounding.

J. G.—Why are you so cruel to yourself as to put Moore's words amongst your own? The lyrical parts are weak. The poem is too long, but we recognise that it is a seriously undertaken task, and conscientiously written. There are many faulty phrases. "Gloried ground," "true lit coal," "the pierced and pitying pilot" are a few of them. You can't "instil" any one's mind with "faces." The parody on p. 102 is poor and unworthy.

HURRY.—Not at all a bad tale. A little more reticence in some of the details might be an improvement. It is certainly as good, perhaps a little better, than the average Christmas story. Since you ask the direct question, "Is it trash?" we are glad to be able to say no.

G. H.—Something better could have been made out of this. It might have been a passable extravaganza, but as it stands it is poor, and sometimes silly. The conversation between the guard and George, p. 7, is weak. The writing is slipshod throughout, but perhaps the real fault is that the accident in the nightmare suggests pain and unpleasantness, and that spoils the fun. Your selection has been at fault.

JOURNALIST.—Intoduction too long-winded. The paper is so misnamed that it indicates confusion of ideas. It should be called 'The Limitations of Literature,' or something of the kind. Such a divagation, as on pp. 20 and 21, is always unseemly in a literary address.

A. J. R. K.—A good paper on the whole, though it is hard to sum it up before seeing the end. The illustrations are well selected, but the criticism of the novel on p. 159 is poor. Your judgment is probably right, but you only support it by vague generalities. You are needlessly patronising to *Punch*.

J. M. L.—A very low-spirited story, with a good many improbabilities in it. Not even the Colonel, as you describe him, would class prigs and blacklegs together. And the poor woman would be very unlikely to insinuate that her visitor was drunk.

W. M.—We have no means of judging of your capabilities, but the information and training you possess, in skilful hands, would be most useful. Send us some of your literary attempts.

B. MARSDEN.—The verses on May are very pretty; stanza 3 is the weakest. In 'Woman' you evidently attempt a dialect which is not your own. 'Prophecy' is dull, but 'Crusoe' is really very good. The criticism of Leigh Hunt is neat, but the construction is either faulty or very involved. The fragment is prettily worded.

A. P.—A carefully-written tale, but it is rather long, and the interest flags at times. Your conversations are not good. Nearly all your characters speak in the same tone. Your hero could not have performed the artistic feat mentioned on p. 8 in a few minutes.

D. E. P.—A. Correctly expressed, but flat. B. "Fill our thoughts with vagueness all unknown." Vagueness is, alas, but too familiar. You refer to ideas undefined, probably. "The sound of Heaven's glad music greets the ear alone" is ambiguous. There is no lack of sincerity in your verses. You have evidently felt the beauty of what you write about, but you should distinguish between inspiration and enjoyment. Verse-making is to yourself probably a real benefit, as is every attempt to express vague thoughts in clear language. But your experiences and your power of expression are not above the average.

A. M. S., Derby.—Rather a dull poem, but we should have considered it more hopeful if you had not been capable of soberly writing "Where the carillon blows above the lowing of the yoked kine and clattering of sabots."

ELINOR S.—The longer poem is by far the best, and the first part is really good, though it is lacking in colour. "A spiritual robe of white disdain" might be improved. The other is very inferior. It is harsh sounding and heavy.

J. B. S.—The story is not without interest, and Nimrod is amusing. But when you attempt description it is usually trivial and even childish, see p. 5. We except from this criticism the moonlight walk. The Latin words on p. 16 are unnecessary.

K. C. S.—You might send this sketch to a local paper. The allusions would not be understood elsewhere. The dialect is good, but are you right in using "clipe" transitively? And "leastways" does not sound correct on the little girl's tongue. The passages marked on p. 1 are irrelevant; they add nothing to the picture. You don't seem to write with ease. The last sentence wants mending. But it is a pretty incident you describe.

SHELLFISH.—Graceful. Verse 3 is rather faulty, and so is line 2 of verse 4.

A. T.—Rather much ado about nothing. Hardly sufficient motive

in the tale. The scene described on pp. 24-26 would be permissible if it were wanted, but it is not. On the whole the story is well told.

PENDEMOS.—Not very promising. Avoid the kind of writing in the sentence marked on p. 1.

PROVIDENTIA.—Fairly good, but too evident an imitation. In No. 1, stanza 5, the figures are mixed. The last verse is hard to understand. No. 2 is very incoherent. What is the meaning of "Whose certain fruit is full avail"? Your ideas are poetical, but your power of expressing them is evidently limited.

REX.—The story is told amusingly. Too many parentheses, like "to do him justice," "incredible as it may appear." The pun on p. 3 and the attempt at wit at the end of p. 4, are despicable. Not unpromising on the whole.

TERESA.—There is evident truth in what you write, but is it not thrashing a dead horse? This little homily might form an introduction or ending to some illustration of your moral. The spelling is weak.

THETA.—To have treated the influenza poetically is a feat to be proud of. The idea is not very well carried out, however. The description of the "case" on pp. 6, 7 and 8 is rather tedious, but the vision of the yellow figures is striking.

THISTLE.—The tragedy is gruesome, but, perhaps on account of the grandiloquently uncouth name of the lady villain, we don't believe in it. 'Shadow-land' is good till the little spirit begins to prose. 'The Ice-bird' and 'Zerovieve's Son' very pretty. In 'The Whispers,' the style is so condensed as to make the meaning doubtful to understand. On the whole, what you have sent in is promising.

TRY AGAIN.—An improvement on the last thing sent, but we don't see why you should draw a moral from every wave and flutter of the willow-trees. The sentimental tone is still too much uppermost. But you have evidently pluck, which is excellent as a literary quality.

D. W.—Correct such faults as "You . . . art wearied." The familiar "you know" may fill up a gap in a line, but it hardly helps out the verse. "Sweet" is not the fit adjective to apply to castles. Your lines are of all lengths.

W. W.—We regret we cannot commend what you have sent, because we recognise that your aims are excellent. The style is loose and ungrammatical, and the sentiments commonplace where they are not obviously incorrect. We have marked some passages it would be well for you to examine. Your reading of "dumb driven cattle" is strange, and the distinction you draw between poets of the first and second rank is about as bad as it could be. Simplicity is not a second-rate quality, and it is an unaccountable blunder to say that genius only appeals to our intellects.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Baldwin, J. M.—Handbook of Psychology, 12/6 .....Macmillan
Barrett, G. S.—The Burden of Souls, 1d..... ....Clarke
[*A sermon preached before the Congregational Union at Southport in October last.*]
Bickell, Prof.—Lord's Supper and Passover Ritual, 5/- .....Hamilton
[*A translation of part of Prof. Bickell's Messe und Pascha, with an introductory essay by W. F. Skene on the connection between the Jewish and the Early Christian Churches.*]
Comper, J.—A Popular Handbook of Origin, History, etc., of Liturgies, 3/6 .....Simpkin
Crowther, K. R.—Every Morning Meditation. Every Evening Meditation, 2/- each
Denney, Rev. J.—Epistles to the Thessalonians, 7/6 Hodder&Stoughton
[*A very able and scholarly exposition.*]
Dixon, E. T.—Essay on Reasoning, 3/ .....Bell
Drummond, Prof.—Programme of Christianity, 1/- Hodder & Stoughton
[*One of Professor Drummond's popular religious addresses.*]
Earle, A. M.—Sabbath in Puritan New England, 6/- Hodder&Stoughton
[*A charming book. The grim earnestness, the quaint customs, the humour, and the pathos of the most important part of New England life and history have never been more graphically painted.*]
Ellicott, C. J.—Christus Comprobator, 2/- .....C. K. S.
Fox, A.—Judges and Kings of Israel, 2/6 .....Walker
Fitzroy, A. J.—Dogma and the Church of England, 7/6 ....Blackwood
Harris, H. B.—Newly-Recovered Apology of Aristides, 2/6 Hodder & Stoughton
[*An excellent popularisation of Professor Rendel Harris's book.*]
Hassell, J.—Scripture Biography and its Teachings, 2/- .....Blackie
Houghton, C. A.—Life and Revelation, 3/-.. .....Brown, Salisbury
Jack, T. G.—Casting of Satan into the Earth, 5/-.....Houlston
Latter, T.—The Power of Conscience, 7/6 .....Sheppard
Macmillan, H.—The Gate Beautiful, 3/6 ..... Macmillan
Mason, A. J.—Relation of Confirmation to Baptism, 7/6....Longmans
Michie, A.—Missionaries in China, 3/6 .....Stanford
Official Report of Church Congress, 1891, 10/6 net .....Bemrose
Reynolds, J. W.—Natural History of Immortality, 7/6.....Longmans
Schopenhauer, A.—Selected Essays, 5/- .....Bell
Sermon Year-Book, 1891, 6/- .....Hodder & Stoughton
[*Sermons with Outlines. Texts, Subjects, References of Sermons preached by eminent men during the year.*]
Sharr, Rev. F. J.—Inspiration of Holy Scriptures, 2/6 Wes. Conf. Office
Stanton, V. H.—Place of Authority in Matters of Religious Belief, 6/- Longmans
Vaughan, C. J.—The Prayers of Jesus Christ, 3/6 .....Macmillan
Vickers, J.—The Real Jesus, 6/-.....Williams and Norgate
Wells, Rev. J.—Bible Object Lessons, 3/6 .....Nisbet
Whiting, M. B.—The Thorny Way, 2/6 .....Nelson
W., E. H.—The King and the Kingdom, 2/- .....Mowbray

NEW EDITIONS.

Farrar, F. W.—Seekers after God, 3/6

FICTION.

Austin, S.—Tib and Sib, 3/6 ..... Masters
Barr, A. E.—She Loved a Sailor.....Clarke
[*A pleasant tale. As the name indicates, the wooing is not without its rocks and quicksands, but the haven is reached according to the reader's desire.*]
Blyth, P. A.—A Charge to Keep .....Jarrold
[*A pretty story. The idea of the convict father coming home is not original, but the devotion of his daughter to him, even after he has confessed the history of his past life, is sympathetically told.*]
Brête, J. de la.—Uncle, 6/- .....Dean
Broughton, R., and Bisland, E.—A Widower Indeed, 6/- .... Osgood
[*A melancholy story, which ends in a tragedy that readers must regret, for they will be interested in the hero.*]
Burnett, F. H.—Children I have Known, 6/- .....Osgood
[*Sketches of child life in different countries, charmingly written. 'Giovanni and the Other,' the only real story in the book, is a very pathetic tale of two boy musicians in Italy.*]
Cardella, G.—A King's Daughter, 31/6 .....Sonnenschein
Church, A. J.—Story of the Iliad: Story of the Odyssey, 5/- ea. Seeley
[*Mr. Church is an acknowledged master in this field. These books are up to the standard of their predecessors.*]
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